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XJ 11-24 [Fo

Edmund Gosse
with the hearty regards of his friend
Alexander Smith

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THE

FEMALE REBELLION

A

TRAGICOMEDY

FROM A MS. IN THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
1872

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IT is believed that "THE FEMALE REBELLION" has hitherto been unknown to bibliographers, and is now printed for the first time. Although the MS. contains neither date nor author's name, there can be no doubt as to the period in which it was written; and we shall not greatly err in assigning it to the latter part of the reign of Charles II.

A few obvious corrections have been made in the text; these have been either inserted within square brackets, or pointed out in notes at the foot of the page. The punctuation has been supplied to a very limited extent.

It is with great pleasure that we acknowledge our obligations to JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A., for the substance of a portion of the Notes appended. One in particular, illustrative of a passage in "Much Ado About Nothing," will be appreciated by those who take an interest in the text of our great dramatist.

Professor YOUNG, on behalf of the Trustees of the Hunterian Museum, courteously allowed the MS. to be printed, for which favour acknowledgment is here made.

The impression of "THE FEMALE REBELLION" has been limited to fifty copies.

A. S.

GLASGOW, *October*, 1872.

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THE

FEMALE REBELLION

A

TRAGICOMEDY.

Edam quisquis erit color cevi, sive theatri:
Vellem convivis, malo placere cocis.

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INTERLOCUTORS.

ORITHYA,	Queen of Amazons.
NICOSTRATE,	her Kinswoman, a General.
ORTERA,	Grandmother to them Both.
ANTIOPA,	Lievtenant } General.
PENTHESILEA,	Major } General.
CELENO,	Commissary } General.
THALESTRIS,	a self-conceited Privy councellor.
LARANDA,	Lady of Honour.
ALCYMEN,	Constable of the Tower.
ERIBEA,	Marshall.
EORPATA,	Executioner.
TROOPERS.	

SAGALUS,	King of Scythia.		
LANTHINUS,	a Scythian Lord.		
JASIUS,	a Colonell.	Trojans, and Consorts to	ANTIOPA.
ERICTHONIUS,	a Country Gentleman.		PENTHESILEA.
ILUS,	a Cittizen.		CELENO.
GANIMEDE,	a Trojan Page.		
INFANTRY.			

SCENE:

Themiscyra, a cheif Citty in Cappadocia.

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PROLOGUE.

A man would think we have been fairly taught
What reformation pure Rebellion wrought:
Yet some (like him who his own Name forgot)
Troad the same steps again, and knew it not;
Ne're minding what those brainsick gulls endure,
Who run to ill prepared steel for cure.
Else why do they for Populacy dispute,
Which makes Dominion a meer prostitute?
To slaves by Nature, who will share the state,
By Number valuing Reason, not by weight?
Such Form's more apt 'mong those low souls to stand,
Where Providence has levell'd all their land.
But Jealousys false mirror represents
Monarchs in such misshapen lineaments,
That subjects led by their deluded sence,
Turn self-destroyers in their own defence.
War's the worst Judgement; Then how barbarous are
They who entail on all perpetual War!
Wherefore the time's too fit to bring in sight
Some venom'd with this wild disease, to fright
Th' Age from Relapse; That if spiritual Actors
(Wise Hypocrites) profane the stage, being factors
There for fanatic ends; It may be found,
Whom Pulpits poyson can from Plays grow sound.

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THE

FEMALE REBELLION.

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

APPEARANCE: *An Army of Amazons.*

Enter ALCYMEN *bearing Cymitar, Helmet, and Gau[n]tlet;* QUEEN *wearing a Myrtle garland,* NICOSTRATE; *& files of Armed Amazons in red (from the left side.)*

NICO. Great Queen of Amazons, this Victory,
Gain'd by your conduct without blood, declares
War is a science, and an Armys strength
Consists not in their Numbers, but their Leader.
QUEEN. No (my brave General) you saw it was
The Scythians confidence in their vast force
Made them presume, & fearless of an Ambush:
And yet if Heaven then had not sent down clouds,
Wrapping us in those mantles of the Air,
Till the Enemy march'd to th' centre of our forces,
And strait dispell'd that mist, we ne're had caught 'em.
We speak by words, the Deity by signes;
And since the manner shows this work divine,
'Twere more than sacrilege to think it mine.
NICO. But when Y'had these Invaders in yr Power,
You justly might have took their lives, who sought
Unjustly yours.

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QUEEN. Cozen, Warfare's a centaur,
Half-man, half-beast; 'tis manly to subdue,
To destroy is brutish: my design
Is to preserve my foes when they are tam'd;
They may turn Friends, then is the conquest doubled.
NICO. Yet when Y' had spar'd their Lives, 'twas fit they should
Have been your slaves.
QUEEN. Should they who were once honour'd
With the high name of souldier, be degraded
So low as to be reckon'd Goods & chattles?
Nay, 'twould be a condition below beasts,
For Horses of War have had manumission.
NICO. If not the Officers, you might have kept
The rest in servitude.
QUEEN. Them least of all;
For wealth, authority, & armour are
The portion of commanders; want, submission,
And nakedness, the share of private souldiers;
And should they be worse treated, 'cause they fight
As much, endure more, and on less inducements?
NICO. Then why did not yr Majesty disarm 'em?
QUEEN. I would not do a Courtesy by halfs;
Before I spoke my reason, now my Nature:
And should their King Invade our Cappadocia
After this, sure his Armys blood I spar'd,
Would sally forth in blushes to his shame,
And by my just disdain I'd make him know,
He merits not so much to be my foe.
NICO. But how could you bear this Affront in Honour?
QUEEN. You know we Amazons sprang from their Scythia,
Their King too hath been my Ally and Lover,
Courting me first in Gold, then thus in Thunder,

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Though both in vain; yet since he w'd Love pretend,
The way I pardon'd for that generous end.

Enter THALESTRIS *in Jemmals* (*from ye right.*)

THAL. Oh (Madam) would you dismiss the Scythians, without consulting my headpiece, so beaten to state affairs?

[*to the* QU. *who turns aside to* NICOSTRATE.

ALC. So beaten, 'thas been it had need be a head piece; or else no marvel if there be a soft place in't. [THA. *laughs.*

THAL. But without boasting, it hath help'd the Crown off many [an] unknown plunge.

ALC. Unknown, questionless, for I ne're saw your Name to any order yet.

THAL. I am sure of that, I could never write it yet, thank my stars.

[*looking up.*

ALC. Who ever heard one before so thankful for being an Idiot?

[THA. *laughs.*

THAL. Why, forsooth? ha' not many been undone by writing their names? And were not they lately the fiercest reformers of Laws, who could neither write nor read them? What a grand piece of wit it is to loiter out a Life in the Hermitage of a Library, to be hanged there in chains after death; We Pols are persons of business.

ALC. A cozening dunce of business is worse than a greivance, who by over-wisdome arrives to be a more elaborate Ass.

[THA. *laughs.*

QUEEN *to* ALC. On to the Temple!

[*All march out at the right, while they within sing a chorus.*

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SCENE 2d

Enter ANTIOPA, PENTHESILEA, & CELENO (*from ye left.*)

PEN. Is the Queen gone? I'll fly till I overtake her.

[PENTH. *offers to go forth at the right,* ANTI. *stops her.*

ANTI. Stay, Major General.

PEN. Time its self shall stay
As soon as I: My Pulse sounds as it beats, and do[e]s alarum me all o're to be in Action.

ANTI. Consult first, then complain.

PEN. Is this the souldiers thanks, who're cured of wounds
O'er night, but to be killed out right next morn?
Must we loose all the fruits of Victory
By her we guarded? perish by forgiving?
Rapine and slaughter are our Rights & Vertues;
But Pity is a rust eats through our courage.

CELE. Lievtenant General, I thought to have gain'd booty enough by this defeat to ha' bribed my self into some good office, where I might have cheated her Majesty by her own Authority; And then have [been] Preferr'd to a higher place, for making such Ingenious use of a lower.

PEN. But I'd have Massacred those salvages, and with their corps manured the lands they trampled down in their march, that so they rotting where they spoil'd, our Earth too might have satisfaction.

CELE. Yet I'd have first got a harvest out of those clods.

ANT. Commissary General, what benefit could you imagin from such Natural Antics?

CELE. Why some of 'em I'd have show'd about for Satyrs; the difference is, Satyrs Tails grow out behind, and Scythians long beards are tails before; Others I'd have baited out of their wits with our womens Tongues, whose deafening Noise is so loud it sours their own

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Humours; that as we look them into slaves, we might talk them into Bedlams.

ANT. Yet what is more monstrous, the Queen prostitutes our whole Interest to these Prodigies.

PEN. Were we all made to serve one woman's call?
No more than all heavens eys to watch this ball.

[PEN. *spurns the ground and strives to go forth:* ANTI. *hinders her again.*

ANT. Stay, as you hate repentance; you should fawn
Where you abhor, cringe low as Earth to those
You wish beneath it; Kneeling kiss their shaddows,
As if you would wear out yr Lipps in service;
Thus subtil serpents creep upon their bosoms,
While[1] they spit venom,—softly twining round
Those they embrace to Death; Get a Tongue too
Forked like theirs, still have a double meaning;
And hold with Two sides to betray them both.
Catch some like Dotterils by complaisant Postures;
Burst 'em with laughter, or with Tears dissolve 'em;
Others raise high with praise, to fall more lowe;
Ne're fix your Eye, where you intend the blow.

PEN. I scorn such servile Policy, 'tis a vizor,
Which, as it hides us, does obstruct our sight;
Making us loose the seasons fit for Action
In Blind debates; While Passion, like a torrent,
Still hurrying forward, forces a success;
And by its hast surprizes happyness.

ANT. No, it will post you into horrid dangers.

PEN. Horror its self rouzed from its loathsom dungeon,
With all its train of gastly Apparitions
Grinning about it, cannot show a Visage
So Dreadfull, but I dare alone out face it.

[1] *Why* in the MS.

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CEL. Sure she's transported with Enthusiasms.

ANT. But 'tis for the Publick good.

CELE. Pish, let them stand for that, who have a mind to be gull'd with Public faith; I'm for no invisible Pay.

ANT. Why, is not goodness its own recompence?

CEL. Yea, to religious fools, that forlorn hope of mortals, who can be put off with celestial reversions; but doomsday's so long a coming, I'd not be tyed to go to Paradise, without an Antepast of reward here, why should not I as well be hired for the Journey, as the Priest is but for telling the way?

ANT. Would not your Conscience tremble to desert us?

CEL. Tush! That Ague of the mind never shakes me, why scarce a scruple of conscience will now be endured, since hardness of heart is as an Infallible symptom of a tender conscience, as a brazen face is of a tender scull.

ANT. I confess mony's a sure trump at all games.

CEL. Therfore I am such an Idolater of Coin, I can defy ye Queen her self out of pure Reverence to her Image; Gold's deifying power can make a senseless calf adored.

ANT. But see our Consorts!

[JASIUS, ERICTHONIUS, *and* ILUS *Appear, with their backs toward the stage, on the right.*

PEN. I hate to mind such baubles now as men.

CEL. They are but our drudges, to do that for us we can't do for ourselves, and get us posterity to predominate over them.

ANT. Though our cheif founders (when their Husbands dy'd in the bed of honour) did ordain, no Amazons should love their men, least thence our Mastery might weaker grow, yet they may dote on us.

CEL. But in token of deference, they ought to observe our seasons; company at best is but necessary Folly.

ANT. Then let's retire, and perfect our new model.

[*Exeunt all* (*at the left.*)

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SCEN: 3d

APP: *A Royal Palace.*

Enter JASIUS *in a souldiers,* ERICTHONIUS *in a Rich, &* ILUS *in a poor habit (from ye right.)*

ILUS. Fellow Trojans, would you beleive these monimental weeds could be Fancy'd by a young Lady? That such a thin ghost of a suit should humour plump flesh and blood?

JAS. Fly, you scarcrow both to fowl and women, they hate Antiquity in a garment, as much as in a gallant; and thine of Happy memory has out lasted a full seige of Troy, and pleads prescription to thy gammons, so that it more creates than covers thy shame; 'twould be just to hang thee for wearing it, for 'twere but giving the Gallows its own again. Its pedigree is derived from a horse cloth, which linealy proceeded from a Tilt, and will shortly descend into socks.

ILUS. Oh! But my Amazon makes me the foil of her Attire, as her Black-moor is to her skin; else I love spruceness so well, I have oft in our Citty pawned my Body for my Vest, and chose rather to be a year in Goal, than a day out of the modish cut.

ERIC. Now my Curiosa glorys to see me most Jeanty, with so much Ribbond on one part, and lace on another, that I look like one of the shops divided 'tween a Milliner and a Sempstress: Yet she Trimms me up as we country folks do our May-pole, more for her own sport, than my credit, and takes pride to have my brightness wait on her, as her shaddow.

JAS. In troth (Butterfly) thou art a mere libel to bravery, a silken bundle of wormish excrements, and only a lining to Patches, For the Taylor first minces all thy Robes into Rags, then stiches 'em togather, as Pedants do fustian phrases, to send thee forth a Sr Holy-day Bumkin.

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ERICT. 'Tis confessed I make my silk sackcloth by misbecoming it, and allemode its self out of fashion by my garb; and were it not for my Amazon, could wear a Jerkin as long as a Tree doth its bark. My Back's as unfit for the Pageantry of gaudy dresses, as a dray-mans head was for a Coronet, or a Covenanters for a Mitre.

JAS. But my commandress is not so captious at the Freedom of my garniture, as of my behaviour; For (as I am a Brother of the blade) If she prescribed a peremptory case for my Limbs, I'd spare meat and drink, and so get covering like a silkworm out of my own belly, e're I'd act out my Age in such Propertys.

Enter ANTIOPA, PENTHESILEA, & CELENO *all in Jewels (from the left.)*

JAS. Our Guardian Angels here!

ERIC. Nothing but your Triumphant return—
ILUS. Could make us know what gladness is. } *The Trojans kiss their Amazons right hands.*

ANTIOPA. This is a Thanksgiving day:

PEN. For our too easy Victory. [*The Trojans look merrily.*

CEL. And the Queen keeps open house; where the commons are resolved to drain her wine cellar, and forget all differences, and themselves too in remmembrance of her Majesty.

[*The Trojans throw up their caps.*

ILUS. O Voluptuous news!

AN. *to* PEN. & CEL. They're jolly; let's commit them to their mirth.

[*Exeunt* ANT., PEN., *and* CEL. (*at the right.*)

JAS. Now my bonny boys, into this one day let us crowd a year of Jubilee.

ERIC. But what consolation's most congenial to our sublimated spirits?

ILU. Sure nothing's so agreeable to our insides, as the entrails of the Hogshead; and therefore Scythians make drinking bowls of their Ancestors sculls, that, whether alive or dead, their heads might be still full of wine.

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ERIC. I say lusty eating for my mony; I beleive my soul was cramed into my body, I so naturally swallow without chewing, small birds to me are but mince meat; and when fowls are at Table, every one I eat is a decoy to draw down another.

JAS. But my creature-comfort must arise from women.

ERIC. Yes, if those Turtles would bill with us; but we (as if our Backs like Lampreys had no bones in 'em) must congee to their shoe, e're we salute their glove.

ILU. 'Tis true, Amazons keep their consorts as dutifull as others do their suiters, making them a kind of Barons covert, and if themselves prove not pregnant in a year, choose new stallions, turning away their Fumblers, as Jades wrought off their Legs.

ERIC. Howe're we're content (now Troys lost) to be Tenants at will, retain'd only upon good behaviour.

JAS. Since their Presence is so Imperious, why should we not solace our selves, by lampooning these Vitiosa's in their absence?

ILU. Right, yet not every one their own, but each of us one anothers.

ERIC. Very well, so we shall do it the more Impartially.

ILU. Then yr Antiopa hath such a lying Face, that though it be in others a copy of the mind, 'tis a cheif thing hers cannot be known by; Her squinting discourse too makes her meaning no more understood, than if it had been spoke at the confusion of Tongues. She is like the wood that shines where 'tis most rotten; seeming the more on fire, the more it is in the dark: so that a solifidian, who could beleive her, would have faith enough to save the Atheistical part of the world.

[*To* JAS. *They all clap* ILUS. *on the Back.*

ERIC. And thy Celeno's mind so cleaves to that dirt, mony; That as some have stated souls one of the three purer Elements, I could Imagine hers to be of earth. She robbs one mine of its gold to make another in her coffers, thereby proving a Theif also to her self; Nay, if Oar lay as deep as Hell, sh'd go thither aforehand for it; yet enjoy it no more th^n the Tantalizing Apple was enjoy'd: Hoarding up Treasure fills not but widens her desires, every accession of stores sets

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her a degree nearer beggery; For nothing is so gigantic but hath a Period of growth, except her boundless Avarice.

[*To* ILUS., *who with* JAS., *clap hands.*

JAS. And Thy Penthesilea is of such a sanguinary composition, that to be in charity a day would make her dy of the gall; if there be a potion to procure hate, sure 'tis he[r] common drink. She outvyes Canniballs, that have Patience to murther before they devour, and is for worrying alive; Death renders the p[r]ay insipid by swollowing it first, and leaving her only to chew the cud. Then she's in malice with Nature, because she cannot slay the soul too; envying even sin for having that killing Faculty beyond herself.

[*To* ERIC., *who with* ILU., *hum̄.*

Enter PENTHESILEA *held by* ANTIOPA, *&* *afterwards* CELENO (*from the right.*)

PEN. Let me fall on.
ANT. Cool your Fury first. } *The Trojans run Back.*
PEN. I'll send this leash of Dogs for a morsel to Cerberus.
JAS. By calling us Dogs, you grant our Tongues likelyer to heal, than make any wounds.

Enter NICOSTRATE (*from the right*) *and stands between the Amaz. & Trojans.*

NICO. What outcry's this within the verge of the court?
CEL. We would do Justice on these our defamers.
NIC. This is no Time, nor place for your correction;
The day is holy, and the House a sanctuary.
PEN. Rescue our slanderers? I'll not stay a minute;
I can as well live without breath, as vengeance.
NIC. Discharge 'em straight upon yr Martial Oath.

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PEN. We'll be revenged now, spight of Authority,
That trick to cheat the freeborn of their Liberty.
The Policy of beasts is to have none,
Using in common th'Earths provision;
And are not we as worthy to live free?
If no, they're not irrational but we.

NIC. What you style Freedom is but rage in Brutes,
A wilder use of the wild growing fruits;
Where while the great do prey upon the small,
Each hath a constant warfare against all.

PEN. But fondly we resign our strength to rulers,
Which both guilt and torment on us draws,
We sin and suffer 'cause they set forth laws.

NIC. Were there no Queen but Nature, she would find
Plain rules enow to curb yr bestial mind;
She would on Parents soveraignity bestow
Over all who unto them their Beings owe:
For how could right or safety be embraced,
Unless dominion should be somewhere placed?

PEN. Why do I parly where I can compel? [PEN. *draws.*

NIC. Nay, then, Hot head! [NIC. *draws, they make a pass at each other.*

Enter QUEEN *in Jewels,* THALESTRIS, *and Attendants (from ye right.)*

QUEEN. Hold! Hold! have I title to make ye fight,
And none to quiet ye? who here has right
To storm, when I your Queen bid you be still?
[NIC. & PEN. *desist from fighting.*

PEN. Our minds are our own, Queen.

QUEEN. Ha! i'n't my will
The will of all my Realm? and its whole Power
Grasped in this hand? Nay, is not allso your

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Reason no reason, if I count it so?
Y'are then my Creatures; for I can, althô
I made ye not, by Law unmake ye; Thus
While we preserve your being, 'tis from Us.

PEN. Sov'raigns that right first from us subjects gain'd,
Which we by our adherence still maintain'd.

QUEEN. From you? you never had Authority
To kill your selves, less others, and could ye
That which you never had confer on me?
You can at most but non-resisters prove;
The Power of life and Death is from Above.
Yet wer't not so, submission once by all
Sworn to yr Prince, your selves can ne're recall:
Who greater is than each, or all combin'd,
B'cause every ones whole power in such is joyn'd.

THAL. This Bona Roba rustles with the Queen as saucily as if she were a whole Corporation, that had a Charter to be saucy with their own founders.

NIC. Madam, if hearts could speak, you'd hear mine say,
Supremacy's a glimpse of a Divine Ray.
An Emblem of Infinity, To sense
The clearest Vision of Omnipotence;
Whose high Prerogative low Rules o're awes,
As faith works wonders above Natures Laws;
And as you press us to pay Heaven its due,
That orders us as much to obey you:
Brutes first fear'd man, 'cause he the Image wore
O' th' Deity; We therefore you adore.

PEN. Ye Gods! Did ye designe me to obey?
If o're none else, I'll over you bear sway:
What e're your Influence and Aspects be,
I'll cross 'em all, if you look cross on me:
Th' Inlightned are above your destiny.

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THA. Don't with words a tiptoe hector the skys too, for shame.

NIC. I think modesty's a Punctillo you both are most asham'd of.

CEL. But is it not your shame to countenance [*To* NIC.
These our Detractors?

QUEEN. Was't a crime to prompt you?
Is a Vertue Mercy, for a verbal wrong?

CEL. Words though they are cowards weapons, Kill beyond
Death, posthume fame.

QUEEN. In Coffee rooms words vented
Black as their sooty Broth, or stuck in Pasquills,
If keen with Wit, can stab incurably
All through all parts, and Ages of the World;
But these were Private, and dy now if pardon'd.

THAL. Where's your witness, they did not backbite you to yr face, did they?

PEN. So plainly, 'twere damnation to forgive them.

ANT. No! 'Twill make heaven yr Friend, and me your debtor.

PEN. Then (self) I ask thy pardon, If I must
Be kind to others, and to thee unjust.

[PEN. *fixes her eys on* ANTIO., *& pauses, then strikes her breast.*

THA. Well, I shall look upon the Queen hereafter as a very descreet Person, for coming hither so opportunely by accident.

[ANTI., PEN., *and* CEL. *shake hands with* NICOS.; *then reach them to their respective consorts, who take hold of them, and bow low.*

QUE. Now, know, that I who pardon'd Forreigners,
Much more forgive my subjects less offences:
Yet this last task I must the harder style,
For now I both remit and reconcile.

ANT. Madam, the day by this you doubly hollow.

QU. Since you're for Union, wear this medal stamp'd with con-

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cord: let none murmur 'cause I do pardon offenders, I'll reward 'em too. (*gives* ANT. *a Medal.*)

[*Exeunt all, except the Trojans* (*at the right.*)

ERIC. No wonder Virtues so scarce a commodity among women, for here's one has engrossed their whole stock.

JAS. Such a monopoly is crime enough to undo any Prince.

ILUS. 'Specially among this tribe of barbarity; when they sear'd their right breasts, they sear'd their consciences too.

JAS. I think they have lost their left paps also, for there is none of them but carrys a very wolf within.

ILU. Or rather a Cacodemon, for thô their feet are not cloven, their double hearts are.

ERIC. The Tears of preternatural grace have choaked all the seeds of morality in these Apes of Godlyness.

JAS. But now let's to the Feasters rendezvous; why should we forfeit our shares to a gleek of Harpys?

ERIC. My Heart is there allready.

ILU. And mine i'th' cellar, there to ply the wine's
True magnifying glass; where that goes round,
I am above the world, though under ground.

[*Exeunt all arm in arm, singing the Tune of the Trojant Catch* (*at the right.*)

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT 2d SCENE 1st

Enter JASIUS, ERICTHONIUS, *and* ILUS, *with the Queens colours in their caps, Musitians piping, and* GANIMEDE *with footless Glasses (from the right.)*

JAS. Well, another such feast as this would be as destructive to the creatures allmost as the Deluge.

ILU. O more, for there the fish had a protection; but here was a strong flood of wine, wherein both flesh and fish went universally to wrack.

ERIC. I hope this will please our farmers, who are well nigh starved for lack of a Famine; but now they may be thankfull for whistling out their goods, though at ye rate of regraters.

JAS. Yet it had more promoted a dearth if the Queen had sacrificed too.

ILU. Since she did not, let us carouse their health kneeling, till our bloods on fire, and call that a sacrifice.

JAS. And break our glasses instead of a libation.

ILU. And burn our hated formalitys for an offering; we can ne're take this health too bare.

ERIC. And make the Trojans Catch officiate for a Hymn.

[*Trojans throw off their caps, Perrukes, Doublets, and breeches; Musitians playing, and sing the Catch; Trojans repeat the last stanza.*

CATCH.

Though our Town's destroy'd
While ourselves we enjoy;
Where e're we reside,
We can make a new Troy.

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When merry in one land
Our minds compass all;
Thus man's the great world, and
The Globes but the small.

Then drink our veins full,
And while waters glide
Round about the dull
Earth, let wine be our Tide.

[GAN. *gives each of them a brimmer; who take up their caps, and kneeling dip the Queens colours in their glasses, then draw the colours over their lips, and lay down their caps.*

JAS. Methinks the Queens colours thus devoutly kissed, should make us thirst to serve under 'em.

ERIC. Such service could not wast our blood faster, than this of the grape would recruit it.

ILU. Each bottle of claret would double our manhood, and be as serviceable to the Queen as a new Red coat.

JAS. Then, Volly of Bumpers to her Majesty!

[*Mus. play a Health, while Trojans make their glasses touch each other, then toss the wine off togather, and the glasses over their heads.*

Enter LARANDA *in Jewells* (*from the right.*)

LAR. O brave Topers! have your lame glasses brought you off yr legs, and now, at it on yr stumps? most pure devotion! You see nothing's of heavyer carriage than wine, which makes you cripples without lameness. [*Troj. stand up.*

JAS. Why a loyal health is a sure test of Allegiance, and civiler too than swearing. Sobriety against conscience is worse than drink against stomack.

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ILU. There needs no glass windows to the heart, these Glasses will bring it into the mouth.

LAR. But your Amazons are more lumpish than the Queens Adversarys doubly crossed; who missed their devout gluttony, when they would have eaten a Thanksgiving for being defeated.

ERIC. Do those Scorpions move this way?

LAR. Yes, and perhaps to sting you in the midst of your Frolicks.

ERIC. If they take us thus stripped, they will proceed to flay us out right.

JAS. I could ev'n leap out of my skin for joy of their sadness.

ERIC. Come let us go tun ourselves in the empty vessells.

ILU. Then who can say but the wine's in the cask still?

[*Trojans gather up their cloaths*, GANL. *Bottles and glasses, and exeunt with Music* (*at the left*); LAR. (*at the right.*)

SCEN: 2d APP: *A Park.*

Enter ANTIOPA *with a Medal about her neck;* PENTHESILEA *and* CELENO (*from the right.*)

PEN. And shall our men Injure us too unpunished?
This wrong on wrong enslaves us unto slaves.

ANTI. Affronts come now in clusters, therefore I
Before the Queen, with oily adulation,
But skinn'd the wound, that it might rankle inwards.

CEL. Honesty's a weed makes the ground unprofitable where it grows, and these silly acts of good Nature to me are unnatural: I hold it the only knavery to cheat ones self.

ANT. Since profit is your aim, what readyer way
Can lead to wealth, than specious Reformation?
Had Fortune eys she could not spy Inferiors,

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Superiors do so shade 'em: do but level
Those Giants of the Court, our Royal Oaks,
The humble shrubs will quickly spread their Arms
To hug the sunbeams, and rise up to meet 'em;
Then with each gale bow down in reverence to 'em.

PEN. Nicostrate, that Earwig, must be crusht.

ANT. She stops the Queens ears from us all, yet wriggles
Into the closet of her thoughts; and sells
The sight of her, as if she were a monster.

CEL. She is the sound, thrô which all preferments pass and pay double custome.

ANT. We are names writ o' th' backside of her memory.

CEL. Why did you e're know, Officers that had a glance of Court favours, but took it for a commission to storm their betters abroad?

PEN. Yet the sword may carve out our satisfaction.

CEL. Then why should her courteous arrogance attain the unconscionable monoply of Benefits? I long to be so civil to our gouty Grandees, as to ease them of the drudgery of their offices, and draw our patent for't out of our scabberds; can there be a stronger Title to any thing than strength itself? Allow but the sword cheif Judge of Pleas, I'll mutiny with the busiest Assembler of them all; nay, for a need, I can be seditious against my own side, and at last most heartily fall out with my self.

ANT. Doubt not of mony; first we'll sooth the Rabble,
Our patient Beast, out of their Plate and Jewells,
The Pride and wast of the City; transmute
Their silver to true horsemen with a Vote,
Promising them the Courts and Churches pillage,
With mounts of golden Impossibilitys.

CEL. Spoke like a sanctify'd Polititian, thou Quintessence of Hypocrisy, you may take even Protectors for Pupills to the Liberal art of Dissimulation.

ANT. We'll then contrive Petitions to our selves to licence Plunder,

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And forge bloody plots to make
Those guilty oft, who have most to loose.
That they which lend not some may forfeit all,
Slander 'em with faith thats most unpopular,
Then disinherit root and branch for Hereticks.

CEL. Let me alone to shear those sheepsheads close enough, The dull whelps of blid obedience; I'll not leave 'em sustenance to keep so much as their days of Pennance, Nor woolen sufficient to bury 'em according to the Act; And plead a plenè Administravit of their chattels before their Death.

ANT. Then with strange Taxes next, and pious cheats,
(Which in the Godly party must be honest)
Draw down the Gentry to the Lees of Fortune:
Rise from a Fast to devour Palaces,
Then with demure looks consecrate our Frauds;
And triumph in the spoils of beggar'd Nations.

CEL. Our Wills should be Peculiars subordinate to no Jurisdiction; arbitrary obedience is the right Liberty of the subject.

ANTI. We fight not now like simple mercenarys
For Pay but Empire; all, all, must be ours.

CEL. I know not whether Plundering or slaying be the veryer Butchery, for the clowns pay mony so faintly, you'd think they bled their Tribute, looking as pale as their departed silver: they politickly starve themselves to save charges, and deserve to be buried with their Faces downward, for their Life is but a lingering self murther.

PEN. All this is only Lucre: I am for Revenge,
Why should the cursed Fiends below
Enjoy so sweet a morsel, more than we?

ANT. If once the Seperatists were joyn'd with us
In League, whom we proscribed would soon be shades.

PEN. But I'd at a word speak whom I list to death,
Blasting them as contagion with a breath;
And slaughter with my eys, like Scythian Dames,

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Or those rank Trees whose every Twig sheds poyson;
Acting more mischeif than all others meant:
I am tormented, 'till I do torment.

ANT. You both speak right, but Power deprives us of it.
How often have I mourn'd to see Religion,
And Property (our only pleas to this
And th'other world) both hast'ning towards their graves!
While I close mourner, fearing to be spy'd, [*she weeps.*
Wept inwardly, & made my tears ebb back
Into their springs, which allmost d[r]own'd my heart!

CEL. This suddain current of yr sorrow melts me.

ANT. Then let us joyn our swords, & our right feet, [*They all draw*
And laying our left hands on our seard breasts, *and joyn their hilts*
Conspire t'a thorough Reformation. *and right feet, and*
The Queens so mild we may securely covenant, *lay their left hands*
Or make Association, wars next neighbour, *on their right breasts,*
And I've so gall'd the cāp with their late loss *& kiss their hilts.*
Of Pillage, and 'cause she persists a Virgin,
But most for innovation in Religion,
(A Thing which all cry up, all practice down)
That the whole Army's one great Mutineer;
Faction's a Plague, it grows quickly epidemical.

PEN. Set me a task, I'll post like sunbeams to it,
Thô 'twere like them to fire the Globe again.

ANT. Incense the country then, say the Queen Judges [*To* PEN.
Sacrifice vain to Incorporeal Powers.
Do you enflame the City, cry their Taxes [*To* CEL.
Are all quite cast away by her Indulgence;
Thus her cheif graces so renown'd by all,
We'll make the very engin of her Fall.

[*Exeunt* PENTHESILEA *and* CELENO (*at the inner part of the right*); *and* ANTIOPA (*at the left.*)

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SCEN: 3d.

Before they are gone, LANTHINUS *peeps in, and enters (from the outward part of the left); and then* SAGALUS *in disguise.*

SAG. What storm of thoughts rolls me I know not whither!
LAN. Think like your self, are you not King of Scythia?
SAG. I, King (my Lord) who cannot Rule one bosom?
LAN. 'Tis harder, Sr, to Rule rebellious passions,
Then all yr Legions; For there men alone,
Nature her self must here be overcome.
SAG. My Legions? 'Tis not so, They're all the Queens by merit,
She has their hearts, she cannot choose but have 'em.
LAN. Then why d'you venture thus into her land?
SAG. Venture? Should she now take me, her worst cruelty would be far wellcomer than all her kindness.
LAN. Most strange! Who e're heard of a Lover before content his Lady should prove cruel to him.
SAG. Never was man perplexed so with the Vices
Of any woman, as I'm with her Virtues;
For she has made me promise not to court her,
Because (as I guess) I'm short of her vast merit:
'Tis this has changed my Love to emulation,
A Passion more outragious than the former.

[SAG. *and* LAN. *spy some coming, and steal out (at the left.)*

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SCEN: 4th

Enter QUEEN, NICOSTRATE, THALESTRIS, LARANDA, *and Attendants* (*from ye Right*); ALCYMEN *in Jewells* (*from the left.*)

ALC. Madam, King Sagalus has been in the Park.

QUE. Seize him, and bring him hither. [*exit* ALC. *at ye left.*

[LAR. *offers to speak to the* QUEEN, THAL. *plucks her back.*

THA. Gossip, let a Privy-councellor have audience before you.

LAR. How 'fraid this Title without honour is to be kept from being a laughing stock.

THA. I have a Petition for yr Majesty.

QU. Show it me.

THA. Nay, 'tis by word of mouth, I'm not schollar enough to trouble you with false spelling, nor so much a goose to have a quil amongst your tutoring subscribers.

QUEEN. Get it written.

THA. Then you'll (in the court fashion) never read it till 'tis quite worn out. (QUEEN *turns to* NIC.) Huh! 'tis a sad case when Princes refuse wholsome councel before they hear it.

Enter ALCYMEN *and* SAGALUS (*from the left.*) *He walks towards the* QUEEN.

QUEEN. Leave us! [*Exeunt* NIC., THA., LARAN., ALC., *and Attend., at ye left.*

Sir, I must know what this your coming meant.

SAG. Mdm, since you my Army doubly vanquish'd,
By war and mercy, I would that esteem
They lost without me, without them redeem;
First by surprizing, then releasing you;
That to my gift your safety might be due.

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QUEEN. Is this the gratitude of Kings? D'you strive
T'ensnare my Life, for rendring them alive?
SAG. Had they been bury'd quick, 'thad pleased me more,
Than for their lives to run upon the score.
QUEEN. Y'are not at all my debtor, only I
Would not be thought t'have done you Injury.
SAG. Yet public obligations when they bind,
Transcendently o'reload an emulous mind.
QUEEN. Fear not reports, I'll stop the mouth of fame.
SAG. Oh! that were a new favour, and would more
Make me your slave, than all you did before;
It's ingraved here, you ne're can raze it hence, [*he lays his hand on his breast.*
Nor can I live since I can't recompence:
And death from you were th' only courtesy. [*He spreads his Arms to receive a thrust.*
QU. No, since y'are caught, as was your Army, I
Will make you live, and owe yr life to me.
SAG. I'll owe to none but heav'n alone that claim,
Nor to that longer since I must with shame. [*He offers to kill himself, she hinders him by offering to kill herself.*
QUE. Hold your rash hand, unless you'll murder both!
SAG. Think you that I my Honour will survive?
QUEEN. D'you think I'd keep you, without that, alive?
No, take my sword, I'll make my self your Pris'ner, [*she gives him he[r] Cymitar.*
And all th'Affection Friendship ever knew
(King Sagalus) I here devote to you.
SAG. Now could I die contented, since I find,
Though not your person, I have gain'd your mind.
QUE. And 'cause for me you death itself darest bear,
To you I'll part with what to me's more dear
Than Life, my Victory; That you may stand
Conquerour, and your captive me command,
I arm not to destroy, but to ensure,
That without weapon salve my sword might cure.
SAG. This offer (which I yet must needs refuse)

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Me, more than e're you did my men, subdues;
And bids me live in Hope, I sometime may
Your kindness by my Life, or Death repay.
For when I draw this sword, 'twill make me do [*He points to*
All that Love can and emulation too. *he[r] similar.*

Enter ANTIOPA, PENTHESILEA, *and* CELENO (*from the right.*)

PEN. The Queen disarm'd? restore her Arms.
QU. No, No,
They're his by gift.
PEN. Such Presents to a foe?
QUEEN. D'you question for so small a donative,
The Nations only representative?
The Law yr Actions, I the Law make true,
Whom you must hear's infallible to you.
PEN. We are still check'd like Babes. [*To* ANTIOPA *and*
QUE. How matter against me your Soveraign? who CELENO, *aside.*
Nor will nor can wrong to her subjects do,
You may the skys whole Armory withstand,
As well as a chaff'd Monarch's countermand.
For if like them we shoot down death, we may
By you no more be question'd for't, than they;
Our presence can the greatest force refute;
Authority, not strength, is absolute.
PEN. Then our state must be downright slavery?
QUEEN. No, your own Freedom's more established by
Subjection to the Crown; where all are Free
Alike, there all are slaves: For what have we
But is for yr behoof? or why did Fate
First Princes unaccountable create,
And afterwards in Peoples hearts implant
A surly humour to debate that Grant?
No more! [*To* PEN., *offering to speak.*

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ANTI. These are but seeds of deeper discontent.

[*To* PEN. & CEL., *who, with* ANTI., *exeunt* (*at the left.*)

SAG. I am amazed such excellence to see,
Still acting wonders for or else on me.

Enter LARANDA (*from the right*); THALESTRIS *and* ALCYMEN *follow.*

LARAN. Madam, either some beasts metamorphosed into men, or men into Beasts, are dancing after an Orpheus.

QUEEN. Where?

LAR. I' th' Park, among herds of like livery.

QUEEN. Train 'em, sister, for the Kings divertion.

[*exit* LAR. (*at y' right.*)

THA. Since the Age is so fallacious, I'll teach yr Majesty a skill to know your Friends from your Foes.

QUEEN. Which way?

THA. By an Otomy. [QUEEN *turns to* NIC.

ALC. Then it concerns you not to be dissected, least your Addle sconce be discovered, like a nut with a maggot instead of a kernell.

THA. I fear it not (Bold face) though I heard of a Lawyer otomized whos[e] very soul was descry'd in the carcass: For the concavitys of the brain were stuffed with Proclamations against libelling the Goverment, and debasing the Soveraign below a Peasant, such unmannerly Prerogatives of the subject.

ALC. How was the stomach?

THA. 'Twas clogg'd with crudity's suck'd from the nauseous Tenets of Dissenters; and puffed up with huffing Votes, which were never well dressed, nor digested.

ALC. What was in the gutts?

THA. They were cram̃ed with court rolls about Royal succession, and the Hierarchy of the Church against the gust of the House.

ALC. What was the cause of his death?

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THA. The Party met with hard comissions, and hasting of the bench from the lash of the black rod, was choak'd with a collar of sses.

ALCY. This is the character of some tantivy Judge, dead in law, that was open'd by the Joco-serious Heraclite; who cuts by book into alike[1] maladys, the Philosophers stone and the simples.

THA. No, 'twas discern'd within from hermetical signatures; as agues read time to come in prophetic entra[i]ls.

QUEEN *and* KING *sit under a bower*, THA. *and* ALC. *below. Enter Attend.* (*from the right*) *and sit by;* LARANDA, *an Orpheus with a Harp*, JASIUS *in a Lions skin*, ERICTHONIUS *in a Bulls, and* ILUS *in a Horses* (*from the left*): *they dance an Antimasq, then uncover their Faces, and bowe low to their Majestys, who rise up.*

QUE. Are you the Jovial crew? 'Tis well. [*exeunt all but the Masquers* (*at ye right.*)

ERIC. This caress was proper to her Majesty, for saving us from being worse handled than if we had been really the Brutes we resemble.

JAS. Then how shall we be quit with those dragons, who would have left us as naked and wounded as the man before the Almanack, after all our benevolence to 'em?

ILU. Let's honourably cashier them by way of prevention, and address to the Queen before the humour be stale.

ERIC. But how can we become serviceable to her, unless by turning Ropemakers, for the necks of those cormorants?

ILU. Why I'll see the smuglers shall not steal her customs, and Impose a custome likewise on her, of buying twice so dear as a subject, As if their Indentures bound 'em to cheat her, for hindring them from cozening one another.

ERICT. Then I will look that her Tennants shall not by fraudulent

[1] *alike alike* in the MS.

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accōpts make her demesnes a burthen to her, and her lands every year poorer, and her self too, by owning she is forced out of husbandry to look after those wasters.

JAS. And I, that she shall not be abused by false musters, in paying for those who do her not so much service to run away on her side, nor for such as ought to be excused from flying, because they bought their places during life.

ERIC. As I hope to 'scape the shambles, yonder come the Basilisks.

[ERIC. *spys* ANTI., PEN., *and* CEL. *Appearing.*

JAS. Quick to your Postures!

ILU. 'Twould be our happyness now to be accounted beasts.

[*They cover their faces, and Imitate the noises and postures of ye beasts the*[*y*] *represent.*

Enter ANTI., PENTHE., & CELENO (*from the Right.*)

ANTI. In the Name of wonder, what upstart monsters are here!

PEN. We'll anatomize 'em alive, but we'll know 'em.

[PEN. *lays her hand on her hilt, the Troj. uncover their heads.*

ERIC. We only celebrated this feast with an Antimasq.

ANT. But with such prodigious noise as made the Park a wilderness.

CEL. Ye counterfet changlings, ye turncoats, ye two fac'd Neuters.

ILU. Surely that is a light fault may be put off with these false scabberds.

PEN. But we'll be revenged on ye now for alltogather, since to butcher ye as ye are cannot be so much as man slaughter.

ALCY. Let me be their driver to the Tower, and there provide 'em diet with the beasts of state, agreable to their outsides.

ANT. Yes, and so turn their Jest into earnest.

[*Exeunt* ANT., PEN., & CEL. (*at the left*); ALCY. *walkes to the entrance, and takes leave of 'em.*

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JAS. For this trick, let us men, by an obstinate frigidity, damn all Amazons to perpetual barreness, and green sickness:

So whom we cannot tame by violence,
Those we shall master by mere Impotence.

[ALCY. *walks back, and drives out Trojans creeping on all four* (*at the left.*)

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT 3. SCEN: 1.

Enter JASIUS, ERICTHONIUS, ILUS, *and* ALCYMEN (*from the left.*)

ERIC. Oh! To what a real transformation are we fallen, we're made now what we were call'd, mere dogs, but that we have more barking stomachs and worse food.

JAS. And those Orts too by Troy weight.

ILU. Nor are we like to mend our commons, till the Sun mends 'em at next grass.

ALC. Why Goalers treat you but as Priests do their deitys, who offer them the garbish, eat the good flesh themselves.

ILU. Our drink too is as cheap as our thirst, plain water; which coming from their hard hearts is from a rock.

JAS. And that, alass! is the lowest of Natures free quarter.

ALCY. You'd had store of scraps but that our pinch gut zealot hath more a dying then a living at home, that cabben of Famine, who, instead of practicing, eats upon charity, and rather than be a Geneva housekeeper, conforms to the Babylonish order of mendicants. This firebrand is hot against cookery, for that coals contribute to the building of Churches; and counts the burning of new Troy a judgement on vastfull baking, because it was hatched in an Oven.

Enter LARANDA (*from the right.*)

LAR. Is this your civilest hospitality to strangers? [*to* ALCY.

ALCY. I was now going to play the Orator for 'em to their Amazons.

LAR. Then[1] you should first vouchsafe 'em their own Apparel, perhaps they may reconcile those by a manly dance, they have offended by a brutish.

[1] *They* in the MS.

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ALCY. I know good dancing is as prevalent with a Lady as Love-powder.

LAR. Dancers heels have a kind of humble Rhetoric, such as his was, who, for want of hands, drew his petition with his toes.

ILU. Then, pray, let us two change suits, & I'll present 'em a City Sarabrand.

ERIC. And I a country Jig. [ILU. *points to* ERIC.

JAS. And I will present 'em with a Pyrrhic dance.

ALCY. Since your good gifts lie so low, ye shall shake your well-bred haunches to a bagfull of Music. [ALCY. *drives out* JAS., ERIC., & ILU. (*at ye left.*)

Enter QUEEN, THALESTRIS, *and* ERIBEA; *Attendants* (*from ye right.*)

THA. Will your Majesty promote my design about the cats? it is invaluable.

ERIB. When, indeed, were you ever valuable? [ERIB. *smiles.*

THA. There's your Bromighams labour to keep the Queen poor, and I as much to enrich her.

ERIB. By what Legerdemain? [*laughingly.*

THA. Your laughing speaks you worthy to hear it. First, then, she should engross all the cats into her hands, suffering no body to keep any without a fine; next, vent none in a year, till the land were overrun with four footed, as it is with fanatic Vermin.

ERIB. But would it not be an oppression to ye People?

THA. Arot take the People, who cares for them? so the Queen get the mony, 'twere not a farthing matter if there were no people at all.

ERIB. How then could she reign?

THA. What a wise question that is! don't you see, if 'twere not the People she might reign with all the ease in the world; moreover she may have the skins too return'd for her use. Then if any of 'em, should prove a witch, there were a Ghostly blessing, Her Majesty hereby would have a friend of the Devil at all turns.

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ERIB. Ay, that is a familiar worth having, for he is so great now with our plotters and shamplotters, that nothing is managed among 'em but by his black Art.

THA. Besides, she should let to none above three lives (of the nine) in a puss, least by long observing their perduing in the dark, killing their game in barbarous sport, in all falls lighting on their feet, & mewing like babes to suck out their souls when they are asleep, they should turn Polcat conspirators.

ERIB. You're Politic out of all reason.

THA. I Beleive so, Therefore I maintain a Whittington colledge of cats; Cyprus Beautys, and Civets that stink sweetly, are my fellow commoners, and diet as demurely as a kitchen wench new started into a Lady.

ERIB. Then go and see them finely fed, their skins may make fine muffs, and their gutts fiddle strings.

[*Exit* THA. (*at ye left*); ERIB. *points at he*[*r*] *scoffingly.*

Enter ANTIOPA, PENTHESILEA, *and* CELENO (*from ye right.*)

ANT. Madam, because your Generals Pride perverts
Th' Allegiance of your People, the Militia
Voted her death, and prays you'll sign the bill.

[ANT. *offers the* QUEEN *a parchment, which she refuses.*

QUE. Keep your packt votes for cumulative treason.

CEL. We only petition you'd not wear a crown in wardship, for why should you live under the Pedantry of your own favorite? that's but hazarding your throne, to ransome one to betray it.

[ANT. *offers the* QUEEN *the writing again.*

QU. You on past actions have such censures lay'd,
As if law could be broke before 'twas made,
And she by prophecy had disobey'd;
Then damn'd your own example by a clause,
'Gainst retrospection in all future laws;

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Confessing that as no such rule before
Was ever framed, it ought to be no more.
Whose life were safe, if by majority
Of Voices shee for common fame should dy?
That monstrous bastard got by every one,
And every where, yet father'd still by none?

PEN. You strengthen our resolves while you refuse,
And Aggravate her guilt you thus excuse.
Obstructing justice heightens our desire,
As Thermodons swift stream when stopp'd swells higher;
Who denys ought yeilds all unto the strong,
Powers that can suffer none can do no wrong.

QUE. Away with your vain threats, they are but rude
Billows, which rise in noise, in froth conclude.
I can with ease your mighty fury slight,
And stand the fortress of afflicted right.
Your selves you spiders prove, by what ye speak,
Your venom's strong, your web of pleading weak.
Begone! [*To* ANT., PEN., *and* CEL.

PEN. Without a grant?

QUE. Not a look more.

ANT. We but petition'd that she might deny.

[*To* PEN. *and* CEL., *aside* (*who exeunt, with* ANTIO., *at the inner part of ye left.*)

LAR. Will you desert the Queen too?

[*To* ERIB. *&* *Atten.*, *who ex. there also.*

ERIB. Alack! they that spit against the wind, spit in their own faces.

QUE. Their well-fare yet shall be my cheif detigne,
Ev'n when they are most violent 'gainst mine.

LAR. Thus holy Incense while to smoak it turns,
Atonement makes for them by whom it burns.

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Enter THAL. (*from ye inner part of ye left.*)

THAL. My Leige, if you'd yr Foes escape, I've fram'd a horse will carry you from Pole to Pole, without drawing bit or eating bit.

LAR. This project is like the Powder of projection, too beneficial for a subject.

THAL. You'd gett it forbid by Authority, would you? if you should, that would but make it take the better.

LAR. Of what is it made?

THA. Of Cork, 'tis none of the Greeks wooden Palfrys.

LAR. But how doth it move?

THA. How do's the wheel of Fortune move? by an Intelligence, and by the turning Mystical screws can Trot, amble, or Gallop.

LAR. And are all its paces easy?

THA. So easy you'd veryly think it stood still.

LAR. That's the truest part of yr story.

THA. Put wings to't 'twill make a Pegasus, and maintain a trade to the moon, which bring in Incredible profit.

LAR. Doubtless, very incredible.

THA. Shoe it with lead, and you may dive into the bottom of the ocean.

LAR. Then you will be able to purchase the whole continent by the Benefit of Shipive Acts.

THA. Yes, If I live to't, I have made sure of all Terra incognita allready.

LAR. And then you'll cause the Packet Boats and stage coaches, by sea and land, to turn all penny posts.

THA. You see I love not to brag but know enough: If Nature and Art should lay both their bald pates togather, they could not produce such a masterpiece of Gimetry.

LAR. I am of your Opinion.

THA. You'll be more so when you see it.

LAR. 'Twill be time enough then to beleive it.

[*exit* THA. (*at ye left.*)

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Enter NICOSTRATE (*from yᵉ right.*)

QU. Cozen, the Mutinous camp your blood require.
NIC. Madam, I heard so, and to quench their fire
I'd gladly spend it all.
QUE. You shall not loose
A drop; for rather than endure the shame
Of rendring you, I'll perish in the Flame.
NIC. It was your Favour drew on me this Fate;
And therefore now I must entreat yr hate:
You are the mark each courtier strives to touch,
When any lie near that, all throw at such.
QUE. It was your truth did my respect excite,
And shall I do you wrong, for doing right?
NIC. Will you by saving one disorder all?
QUEEN. I'd rather hazard the whole Empire's fall,
Than by the sword of law this murder do;
And with the Just slaughter my Justice too.
NIC. To grant my wish to me's no Iniury,
Nor is it much to give one leave to die.
QUE. They best deserve to Live who Death defy.
NIC. O let me beg the Honour thus to fall! [NIC. *kneels.*
QUE. When I with honour can consent, you shall.
NIC. You cannot Life without my Death enjoy.
QUE. And they in murdering you will me destroy.
NIC. I see you scorn I should a ransom be, [NIC. *rises.*
To set your person or your scepter free.
Therefore my Interest now shall be my strife,
I'll side with murderers to guard my Life.
QUE. Oh! Let us both bear up, or sink together.
NIC. 'Tis better one should be preserv'd than neither.
I'd save for my sake, for yours loose my breath,
But not both throw away my Life and Death.

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QUE. How can you thus your Loyalty reject?
NIC. I'll pay Allegiance when you can protect.
Thô now I'm forced to 'spouse the thriving side,
If the stream turn, I'll strike in with the Tide.
QUE. Had I my sword I would prevent your purpose.
NIC. But now you cannot stop me with a word:
You see what Princes are that quit their sword.
[*Exit* NICOST. (*at ye outer part of the left.*)

Enter SAGALUS (*from the right.*)

SAG. Madam, why thus without your guards?
QUE. My souldiers, S^r, are rebells grown;
And the worst is my Cozen's one.
SAG. Since she's false hearted let her go,
She ne're was friend can be a foe;
For your own safety now provide,
And in some close retirement hide.
QUE. Hide? bid the Sun forsake his light,
And grope about the world by night,
Before I out of sight do draw
From them, to whom my Looks were Law.
SA. Expect here no command, unless
You by my Army their[s] suppress.
QUE. I'll use no forreign Forces, They
By Blood must hither make their way,
And by continual Plunder stay.
The Nation spoil'd, where's then my Throne?
To make it mine, I make it none.
Better trust Natures cure, than try
So Desperate a remedy.
SAG. Will you abandon all to Traytors?
QUE. Yes, though they're bad, they're mine still,

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And I can Love them 'gainst their will:
I prize my trust from Heav'n not gain,
But for their sakes, I would not reign.
Who crowns as pleasures estimate,
Think on their Lustre not their weight;
Thorny is what they still imply,
That epithet's Tautology.
Subjects in want on few do call,
A distress'd Monarch asks of all,
And must compound at their own rate
For aid, to make them Fortunate.
While short Joys which smooth Princes cares,
Are grudg'd by them, take double shares.

SAG. Will you our gratitude thus slight?

QUE. I would accept it if I might:
How e're the courtesy's no less,
Than if you did my state redress,
Since by it I have this renown,
For subjects good to leave a Crown.

SAG. Yet, for your safeguard, instantly
Hast to my Camp.

QUE. What, shall I fly,
And blast my shame with cowardice?

SAG. Call not a fair Retreat a Vice:
All's lost if they yr person gain.

QUE. All's worse if I my glory stain.

Enter LANTHINUS (*from the left.*)

LAN. Sr, your souldiers mutiny, 'cause you march'd not with them against the Queen.

SAG. Love, which made me send them, kept me from going.
Madam, I now abhor my own request,
How well you could Divine your stay was best.

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QUE. Now I'll not stay, thô Nations strow'd the ground,
Kneeling in their own Tears to hedge me round.
SAG. Shall I persuade you into dangers, who
Repelled that from my Men, & my self too?
QUE. Danger's a Goblin th'Innocent ne're see,
There's none but in contending against me;
For Heaven by Panic fear can millions quail,
I fight Heaven's fight, and shall like that prevail.
SAG. Ventring alone your self you cannot save.
QUE. They'll spare me one, who them so many gave.
SAG. Oh go not hence, while your own Army Raves.
QUE. Not go! When my Friends cause asistance craves?
Thô yr files stood so thick, that when they list,
With their own breath they could create a mist,
Which them from every eye but heaven would shrow'd,
I'd look 'em down as the Sun melts a cloud,
Your Camps disloyal Heat I'll quickly cool;
Mine shall recant e're I vouchsafe to Rule.
SAG. You make th' High tales of Heroines all true,
And their Hyperboles below your Due.

Enter THAL. (*from ye right.*)

THA. My Soveraign, among the Buzzing swarms in the Beehive of my cranium, I have one crotchet above Ela for you.
LAR. How is it?
THA. 'Tis foreknowledge [of] the weather in the State by strology.
LAR. As-strology, you mean.
THA. No (Goody Fool), my Art has nothing of the Ass in it; you may keep that to yr self.
QUEE. But, Thalestris, I am now upon a dangerous exploit, wherein your sage company would be a Palladium.
THA. Mine? Your Realm would be in a sweet taking, if my Life should be lost; I perceive you're given to Rallery.

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QUE. Why willn't march?

THA. You will never leave your Joking, who'd have ever thought, Madam, you had been such a very wag?

QUE. Not charge with me?

THA. Charge? be so civil to be sliced in complaisance? have my body broached? and all my good parts run out at one Orifice? I'm glad your Majesty's so merry.

QUE. Sure Valour's one of yr good parts.

THA. Can that be a good part which would ruin the whole? let learning and valour be confounded for a brace of wranglers, the one setts the world togather by the ears, and the other destroys it.

[*exit* THAL. (*at yr right.*)

QUE. I knew the excess of Danger was Amulet enough against such a craven. [*Exeunt* QUEEN, SAG., LAN. (*at the left.*)

LAR. *offers to go forth* (*at the right*); *enter* NICOSTRATE *there.*

NIC. Lady of Honour, pray where is the Queen?

LAR. Out of your Anti-monarchical reach.

NIC. Gone (I presume) to Invite the Scythians back.

LAR. Fetch Aliens? She disclaim'd their aid, though proffered.

NIC. Hark, I must leave you.

[*Tripet within* (*at the left*) *sounds low.*

LAR. Farewell, Plebeian Peer; yr Highness, & High constable that shall be. [*Exit* NIC. (*at the left*); LARAN. (*at the right.*)

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SCEN: 2d

APPEAR: *An Army of Amazons.*

Enter ANTIOPA *without her medal,* PENTHESILEA, CELENO, & *Amazon Troopers with naked Cymitars (from yᵉ left); Trumpet within sounds high.*

AMAZON TROOPERS. Liberty——Liberty——Liberty!

ANTI. Friends & Free Commoners, since to compleat
Our Freedom, we've cast off the bonds of Monarchy
As well as marriage; what our courage gain'd,
Let us preserve by Laws of moderation.

CEL. You are violent for moderation; And talk of Laws, when military Law is as very a contradiction as military peace; But I'd have a Golden Age at wish; yet at present I'd accept the Scriveners bags by content, and, for their good, prevent their wofull continuance in the sin of treacherous extortion.

PEN. But first lets turn the Palace into Ashes,
And then reform the Temple into rubbish,
'Cause rebuilt by Orithya; and force the Images
To fall before us, as we did to them;
And make it known 'tis we that are their makers.
If the Citts pluck not in their Horns, we'll slaughter those over grown Vealheads strait by wholesale, stocking fates dark plantation with their Negro souls. [*she points downwards.*

Enter NICOSTRATE (*from the right.*)

—Nicostrate! yr blood will be an offering
Fitt to prelude our sacrifice to Vengeance. [PEN. *offers to draw.*

NIC. First hear me speak, althô it be my last:
I come to tender my Life an Oblation
Or to your service, or severity.

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Yet know, I've long waited a time to vent
My secret grudge against Orythia.

CEL. Then it seems you hate her as some malepert dames do their husbands, purely for being too fond of 'em.

NIC. Alas! you're conscious all our Parents were
At deadly feud; and all her lulling favours
To me were but Court Practices, t'expose me
At home to envy, and Abroad to perils.

ANT. I well remember it, & have oft Admired
You could forget it.

NIC. I forget it? no.
Things were not ripe then; try me now, and see
With what Increase of hate I'll make amends.

Enter ERIBEA *& Amazon Pioners with lighted torches, pickaxes, & shovels (from the left.)*

ANT. Then do you first give fire to her Palace.

NIC. More joyfully than ever spouse did light
Her Nuptial torch; but,[1] pray, consider whether
It be well tim'd; For if we do not quickly
Seize Sagalus and Orythya, they'll advance
An Army hither, And in the confusion of this
Wild Fire, consume our hopes and us.

ANT. Then shall we march the Maiden troops with us?

ALC. You may, but I can lead ye where one blow
Will do the work, & you shall see me strike it.

PEN. She dies Piecemeal who robs me of that honour.

ANT. Bid the Governess of the Tower garrison the Palace.
[*to* ERIB.

ERIB. Follow Adjutors, and say what ye are hired to speak.

[1] *by* in the MS.

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TRO. PIO. Justice! Justice! we must and will have Justice!

[*Exeunt* ANT., PEN., CEL, NICO., *Troj. Pion.* (*at the outward part of the left.*) ERIB. *offers to go forth* (*at the inner part of the left*); *enter there* ALCYMEN; JASIUS *in his own cloaths;* ERICTHONIUS *in* ILUS'S; *and* ILUS *in* ERICTHONIUS'S, *practicing their Dances, & a Bagpiper playing.*

ERIB. I was bringing you orders from the committe of Safety to garrison the Palace.

ALC. And I was conducting to 'em these skip-jacks, who think that strong-backt capering the next way to leap into their bosoms.

ERIB. They're now upon higher employs then to tend their frisking giblets; Therefore remit these wretches to their shackles, and with those Iron rings marry 'em to their bondage.

JAS. That we should truckle thus under the Inferior sex, which had ne're been made but for an help to ours! And make woman our mock Paradise, by worse allurements than we forfeited the True.

ALC. How! dare you, that are but Nature's foul draught, prefer your selves to us, who are so plainly her fairest copy, And want little of Angells but their wings?

JAS. That want makes ye more like to fall'n Angells, but admit your Bodys finer, all that beauty is but skin deep, while your capac[it]ys for knowledge are shallows, and therefore the harder to be fill'd. Those Egyptians who worship darkness, have not a greater share of it in their understandings, & no marvel, since the Patroness of Wit had none but by a Masculine Parent.

ALC. That's because your education stifles their Intellect, for if their lives lay on't, you'll not allow 'em their book; yet the Father of Verse delivers his Oracles by a Poetess, and the Patron of war was born only of a Mother. Nay, the Battel Ax, Sheild, & Drū were Invented by Amazons.

JAS. We acknowledge you of this Queendom are Buffcoat spinsters,

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a kind of epicures in your souls; And change sexes as Hares do, being born females ye are educated into males.

ALC. Nay, our courage is not from our breeding but constitution, which made Hyppolita combat Theseus himself; and Menalippe had ne're been surprized into eternal Honour by Hercules, had she not been as much a Lion in Heart as he in habit.

JAS. Yet your half-hearted Sex make no figure in other Nations, but are every where Cyphers.

ALC. That is, Shee's Leave the Fatigue of[1] Goverment to He's, and reap the fruit of it themselves; you wear the Gown and we the breeches, for what's the Difference, whether women govern Cittys, or they who Rule Cittys obey women?

JAS. But did not even Nature constitute man yr head & superintendant?

ALC. The Quite contrary; For all children, according to her Law, belong to the Mother by right of prepossession, and for that they are wholly composed of her substance, and because she's known & not ye Father, so that originally y'are so far from preeminence over us, you have not so much as a Title to yr selves, Man had the Honour to be mother to woman once, but woman hath been to mankind ever since.

ERIB. You have argued so well for our precedency, as if all that was good in the Masculine sex had center'd in that rib, whereof the Feminine was made.

ERIC. Yet, as you reduced us to our shapes, restore us to our Freedome too, you'll have the credit of making us compleat men again. [*To* ALCY.

ERIB. Don't; They are all of a creed, & fitter to be parted & humbled, for this more than odious comparison.

ALC. Then I'll remit Jasius to the Castle, commit Ilus to the Citty, and confine Ericthonius in the Country.

ERIB. Do, that they may want the comfort even of the coarsest society, that is their own.

[1] *to* in the MS.

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ALC. Yet, by this, we shall loose a rare mess of Dancing Petty toes.

ERIB. Better miss any dances, than (as the fashion is) drag 'em in by head and shoulders; for if they come in headlong, they are like to gett off but lamely.

[ALCY. *drives out Trojans* (*at the inner part of ye left.*)

Enter ANTI., PENTHES., CELENO (*at the outer part of the left.*)

ANT. Since we are for the good old cause, let's court the mobile with a self denying Ordinance, and sculk to spiritual Humiliations, which yet all must know off.

CEL. Then we'll no longer Trim our heads with sparkling Jewells, as if our eys were made Pendants to our ears.

ANT. And those lying glasses, which are but Parasites of Ladys looks, shall be dashed in peices, for bearing false witness so grosly to their Faces.

CEL. Nor shall our *Male-Court-things* (Petty Gallants) be any longer beholding to the Gallows for executed Perrukes.

PEN. If the noddys won't wear their own hair, let 'em not wear their own noddles.

CEL. And the Tax for Chimny mony shall extend against smoakers, who make Chimnys of their throats.

ANT. Then we'll turn our Kettles and Pots to Drums and Helmets, that as those instruments of Luxury were to us, they may be to our Enemys, utensils of Death.

PEN. And when we are dead, let the Amazons Pluck off our skins for Drū-heads, & beat Alarums on 'em with our bones; then make fire balls of our skulls to confound the Masculine world.

ANTI. Eribea, Nicostrate's in your Goal, chain her hand & foot.

CEL. Let her have no company, that hath human likeness, but her shaddows.

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PEN. Use her so, that she may wish death for ease;
And in respect of us, think Hell may please.

[*Exit* ERIB. (*at ye left*); ANTI., PEN., & CEL. (*at the right.*)

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

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ACT 4th SCEN: 1st APP: *Moonshine night in a Park.*

Enter JASIUS (*from the left*) *&* *whistles.* ERICTHONIUS *whistles and enters* (*from the right.*)

JAS. Punctual Ericthonius, so—but where is Ilus with his Veracity? [*they shake hands;* ILUS *whistles, And enters* (*from the bottom of the scene.*)

ILU. As sure as fate within call. [ILU. *shakes hands with* JASIUS *and* ERICTHO.

ERIC. 'Twas lucky our Keepers watched no closer.

ILU. O there's a balsam in Loyalty will cement us togather in spight of seperation.

JAS. Why worms cut asunder will reunite, proving the soul in them also to be whole in every part.

ERIC. Yet we have sollicited some Cullys and Bullys, no more concern'd at the Queens sufferings, then a Tale of Chimeras deposing the Queen of Tainsland.

ILU. Such who have nothing of Civil or Martial order, but in drinking[1] the commanders Healths.

JAS. And for that, no doubt, they would be thought good subjects, though they break better than themselves, by running a tick for't.

ILU. And when they have gam'd themselves into bare Adamites, they had rather winter in that Querpo, than shelter under Ammunition coats; Buff makes 'em quake more than nakedness.

ERIC. They'll thrust themselves into all companys, yet be listed to none; nor venture their blood for a common good, yet throw it away on a common Miss; where they have often the fate of Beavers, who divert their ruine with the loss of their dousets.

[1] *ranking* in the MS.

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JAS. And this they'll entitle recruiting the Army, thô their perfectest Issue had ne're heart enough to be of the train bands.

ERIC. See yonder our night ravens! [ERIC. *spys* ANT., PEN., & CEL. *at a distance.*

JAS. Abroad by moonshine, the false Allarum of Day.

ILU. Now these blood hounds are off the guards, 'tis the best minute for our designe. [*Exeunt all (at the left.)*

Enter ANTIOPA, PENTHES., CELENO, THALESTRIS, ERIBEA, *and* NICOSTRATE *under guard, all without Jewells (from the right.)*

ANT. 'Tis safest now i' th' dead of Night to execute [*to* PEN. & CEL.
This High-born Traytor.—Were we fit to be [*to* NIC.
Gull'd with Pretence, we should surprize the Tyrants.

NIC. Thô they both 'scap'd 'twas not my Fault; No Sybills
Leafs were more true than my Intelligence.

ANT. Is protesting your Innócence all yr confession? fetch that grim retainer to Justice, the executioner.

[*To* ERIB., *who exit at the left.* ANT., PEN., & CEL. *confer togather.*

THA. You, Lady Wiseacre, why willn't you confess as others do, and have your throat cut according to Law, when you are so fairly offered it? [*To* NIC.

NIC. What? when I am not guilty?

THA. Why you must be guilty, that's concluded allready; or suffer for looking so guiltyly.

NIC. But I should blush at such a confession.

THA. I can tell you by experience a remedy for that, be but Impudent enough, and I'll warrant you shall never blush.

NIC. But I have a desire to save my self.

THA. That's not to the Purpose; do you think we took all this pains to let you be sav'd? The Queen is fled for committing Treason against her self, & in all conscience somebody must die for it. And if you do not, I don't know who will.

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NIC. Then I will confess.

THA. Well said; had I not lov'd you, I had never given you such wholsome nodification, nor come thus kindly to see your heart forthcoming; I'll look they shalln't wrong you (as Taylors are wont) in the cutting out.

NIC. And that yr self contriv'd the Plot; Now you being a Principal Joyner for our new frame of Goverment, The Jury will turn, and return Ignoramus's for you, and then I, as accessary, shall escape of course.

THA. Who? I, you loyal Traytor? Ladys she'll confess to[1] me, but she is dead in law, and who but an Oaf will care what any say when they are dead.

Enter ERIBEA *carrying a block, and* EORPATA *an Ax* (*from the left.*)

ANT. Eorpata, chop off her Head. [*she points to* NIC.

THA. I'll go bring hither my fencing Iron, and cut off this wen of Honour from the face of the Earth. [*Exit* THA. (*at the right.*)

NIC. I do not fear the Ax, for if I did,
I need not now have come within its reach.
Dying's an Act so short, who death doth fear,
Dreads that which has no being any where.

Enter ALCYMEN *without Jewells* (*from the left.*)

ALC. Your Trojans to Night have surpriz'd the Tower, while I guarded the Palace.

NIC. Let's storm 'em on each side; & all mount up
On one anothers shoulders 'till we top 'em.
The Giants borrow'd Hills to help 'em climb,
Ranking their forces barely on the Earth;
But we'el be our own Mountains, and our files
Shall be all marshall'd upward in the Air.

[1] *of* in the MS.

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ANT. Her death must be deferr'd till we have quell'd them (since she pretends for us) least we provoke more Enemys, And loose Friends.

CEL. Defer'd for them?

PEN. O that our Earth should foster such a brood,
And not gape rather to make them her Food!

Enter THALESTRIS *in old Armour, with a rusty two handed sword (from the right.)*

THA. This Roguy consort of mine has blunted the two handed dagger with weeding the Yard. Hey-day, is not her head off yet? Had all you togather but done that, I alone would have killed the rest of her. [*she looks on* NIC.

ANT. Bind this Illustrious cheat. We'll to the Army. [*To* ALC.

[*Exeunt* ANT., PEN., CEL., & THAL. (*at the left.*)

NIC. All I thank Fortune for is, that I'm made
Your charge, And if you now dare take my Word,
I'll venture one Attempt for my release.

ALC. 'Twere base if I deny'd this to the[e] only,
Princess of the Blood; 'specially since 'twas you
Gave me my Place, and thereby Power to grant it.

NIC. The Trojans come, let's vanish.

[*A Drum beats low within (at ye left.)* *Exeunt* NIC., ALCY., ERIBEA, EORP., *and Guards* (*at the right.*)

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SCEN: 3d *Drum beats a march louder.*

Enter JASIUS, ILUS, ERICTHONIUS, *and Infantry* (*from the left.*)

JAS. Courage, my True blades of Array, that will never turn Edge; That state Hocus-pocus, who dissembled himself from a Brewhouse to a Throne, did never out plot us.

ERIC. Then not only all the men are our Volunteers, but the Eunuchs too that have been men, and the Hermophrodites that are but half men; nay, whatever's but as like us as a Mandrake, are for us to the hilts.

ILU. Even Fortune her self is a Cavaleer, and hath converted our[1] disasters and our Enemys malice, into Agents for our Advantage. Else I had not been in an Equipage to operate on my suburbian Hectors. [ILU. & ERIC. *look on their suits.*

ERIC. Nor I in a garb to collogue with my rustical clubmen; for none are drawn in but by Birds of the same Feather.

NIC. Nor I in a capacity to admit your forces thrô a sally port into the Castle.

ERIC. Till now we receiv'd Indignitys, as the Caspian Sea doth Rivers, without any way to be disburthen'd.

JAS. But when our cause hath prevail'd (which is so just 'twill fight for itself) our Villainage will be turn'd into Majestracy.

ILU. Next to being Princes ourselves, our greatest glory is to make such.

INFAN. For the Queen! For the Queen! For the Queen!
[*Drums beat rowlingly.*

Enter LARANDA (*from the right.*)

LARAN. Gallants, you act as daringly as if your bodys (according to Philosophy) could not suffer Penetration: but what if it come to dying?

[1] *our our* in the MS.

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JAS. Why 'tis but stepping two Inches farther than I have a hundred times, and there's an end on't.

ILU. I'll die with him for what he dares. [*To* LAR.

ERIC. I'll do that with 'em both, and give 'em their hands in.

LAR. Thorough-paced Royallists, this Fidelity in distress will make the Trojan faith as proverbial as the Grecian Falshood.

ERIC. But our request is, you will meditate with the Queen not to gibbet us when we are dead, for being kill'd in her Quarrel, without a formal defence against a quo warranto.

LAR. Can you think she'll pass an Act of Oblivion upon Desert, for being too paramount?

Enter GANIMEDE, *bringing in* EORPATA (*from the left.*)

GAN. Gentlemen, I have catched one of the Zeal-mad sect.

ERIC. We know her levelling saintship, she's a rag of seperation, and is for heart-healing schism, and soul-saving Rebellion, holding forth Nature made us all equall when alive, and when dead.

JAS. Th'other day she took up the Bankrupts trade, as the laudable practice of Whigland is, where to be quite blown up is the surest way of thriving.

EOR. I had an inward call to it.

ILU. And an outward one too, for cheating's all the calling you have.

EORP. Thou hast a carnal spirit.

ILU. And thou an Infernal one.

LAR. Therefore don't disgrace yr camp with her canting company.

JAS. She may pass, if she be free to commit no more treason.

EOR. I profess I will be no backslider.

JAS. Then follow, my extempore Mirmidons, follow.

INF. Long live the Queen! Long live the Queen! Long live the Queen! [*They wave their caps over their heads. Exeunt* EOR. (*at the right*); JAS., ERIC., ILU., *&* *Inf.* (*at the inner part of the left.*)

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Drum beats a March. APP: *Moon sets, having been in motion before.*

Enter QUEEN *and* SAGALUS (*from the outer part of ye left.*)

QUEEN. Since I the tumults of your Army lay'd,
By telling them you offer'd me their Aid;
While they beheld you master of my sword:
Then made them to yr will by reason yeild
(The noblest way on Earth to gain a feild)
And am return'd; my station here I'll have,
Thô it afford me nothing but a grave.
SAG. Why will you gratify your foes so far,
As by your fall to justify their War?
QUE. That Monarch merits not to stear a Realm,
Who, when a storm approaches, quits the helm.
SAG. Yet when the winds a Pilots skill ore mate,
He makes to shore, and leaves his ship to fate.
QUE. But who for such faint hearted Guides would care?
The Vessells often saved, when they despair.
SAG. Yet who leaves Harbour while the sea runs high,
And black Tornado's ruffle in the sky?
Or when a spout another Sea rains down,
Which might his barq above the Ocean drown?
Or Hurricanes from all points hurl the Waves
Till giddy ships reel down into their graves?
QUE. Perish all councells which of fear partake,
Fear might false Gods, but not true Princes make.
SAG. Your Goodness shames all morals, in whose mind
Extreams prove vertues of a loftyer kind.

Enter LANTHINUS (*from the left.*)

LAN. Sr, your Troops won't advance except you Lead 'em.
[SAG. *congees to the* QUEEN. *Exeunt*
SAG. & LAN. (*At ye left.*)

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LAR. Madam, the Trojans have surprized the Tower,
And vow to reinstate you in yr Empire.
QUE. Without commission? [QUEEN *turns away.*
LAR. Loyalty sure might
Be a good warrant in its own cause to fight.
QU. Should subjects Judge of taking Arms, As well
Under that fair pretence they may rebell:
Illegal deeds for me no grace shall find,
They who without, against me are combin'd.
LAR. They but expose their Lives, your life to save.
QUE. Such may set up their Prince to be their slave.
For who by force raise others to a crown,
Are Ladders, stand as apt to take them down.
LAR. They ask you nothing but their Zeal to own.
QUE. Th' events not sure; But if I ow'd my Throne
To men, who should not arm, 'twould shame us all;
Rather then rise by them I'd choose to fall.
Yet say—I thank them.

[*Exit* QUEEN (*at the right.*) LAR. *offers to go forth* (*at the left*); *enter there* ANTIOPA, PEN., CELENO, THALESTRIS, ERIBEA, EORPATA, *and* ALCYMEN *under guard.*

ANT. Seiz[e] her! [*To* ERIB *&* EOR., *who disarm* LAR.
LAR. Is this the way professors keep their faith? [*to* EOR.
EOR. Yea, with the Ungodly.
ANT. You are the Cabbinet
Of the Queens Councels, which we must unlock. [*To* LAR.
LAR. The World shalln't make me falsify my trust. [ANT., PEN., *&* CEL. *talk together.*
But what's your crime? [*To* ALCY.
ALC. I know not, that's a Prisoner as well as I,
All I request is Justice.
THA. Ne're doubt that, you shall have the height of Justice, if it be to be had for mony, & we have a Court on purpose, is all high

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Justice; The Judge whereof deserves no less for his profoundness, than to be made a fourth in Hell.

ANT. False Alcymen, you have released Nicostrate,
For which yr Life's to[o] poor an expiation.

PEN. Though you continued a whole year a dying.

ALCY. Gratitude to her, not falshood to you, made me
Take her parole, whose time's as yet not lapsed.

CEL. There's no great loss of such a mazzard, that has no more wit than to side with a Courtier in disgrace; 'tis but chopping off one block upon another.

PEN. Marshall, go rack these two, til on the wheel
Each limb a several execution feel;
Let them dy face to face, and so sustain
At once their own, & one anothers pain:
Then hang their Quarter'd corps by Joynts on high,
To make a dreadfull shambles in the sky;
Then sell their flesh by th' Inch, that all may Here
Buy wit too, and hence learn our Power to fear.

Enter NICOSTRATE *with her face disfigured* (*from the left.*)

ALC. If mine eys fail not, here's Nicostrate.
[ALCY. *turns and spys* NIC.

NIC. Can you discern me through this cloud of misery, [*To* ALCY.
When I scarce know whether I am my self?
Behold the marks of Sagalus's rage, [*To* ANT., PEN., & CEL., *pointing to her face.*
Writ in my blood, for siding with your Cause.

ANT. How fell you into his claws?

NIC. Being told He was
Prepar'd to attack this City for Orithya,
I went to work him from that cursed intent,
And gain'd my point at last, when I protested,
She had resolv'd to refuse his Amours.

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ANT. What made the King, when he embraced the councell,
To brand the Councellor?

NIC. Distastfull News
Made the relater odious, nay, He had slain me,
But that he thought this shameful guise and sorrow
Would prove more tedious executioners;
These looks making my Love as scorn'd as his:
Swift Death is his Mercy.

PEN. And may that Mercy take him!

NIC. But if he now disturb you, then destroy me.

ANT. This was good service.—Yo[u] shall hold your office. [*To* ALCY., *who bows.*

NIC. But, pray, why's Laranda under guard?

ANT. 'Cause she asists her countrys curse, Orythia.

CEL. I can't think her a right woman, since she is like to loose her head for holding her tongue; who could suspect such a sin in our sex as keeping of Councell!

NIC. Pray, let me sift [her]; she has been my confident.

ANT. Do, while we summon the Fort.

[*Exeunt all but* NIC. & LAR. (*at ye left.*)

NIC. Why do you thus adhere unto your Queen,
Whom now offended Providence has left?
Heaven's disallowance of a cause is seen,
When once of Earthly succours 'tis bereft.

LAR. The troubles of a Throne are not still sent,
As marks of Indignation from above;
Heav'n sometimes wounds, that it may death prevent,
For chastisment's the surgery of Love.

NIC. Alas! your Queen is past redemption broke,
Fortune has no severer doom in store,
The loosing of a crown is her worst stroke;
Trees that are thunderstruck ne're flourish more.

LAR. Yet while there's Life, there's Hope: And were that less,
I'd not desert her when she needs me most.

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If Scythia's Monarch dys, a Numerous Press
Of men are slaughter'd to attend his Ghost.
And shall I leave my Soveraign whilst alive?
No, were she martyr'd, her I'd ne're deny;
For though she fell her cause would still survive,
Since 'tis known Law—The Queen can never Dy.

NIC. But can you joyn with any who suborns
Male forces thus our female Lives to spill?

LAR. She more such help, than yr revolting scorns.

NIC. They worse than slay, who save her 'gainst her Will.

Enter ANTIOPA, PENTHESILEA, *and* CELENO (*from the left.*)

CEL. These Ruffians dare retort on us the name of Rebells.

ANT. And swear the walls shall be their Fence or Tombstones.

PEN. They are possessed, and I no less inspir'd.
Wrath's very spirit is so much my own,
Methinks I could unman 'em all alone;
Whatever prophets did or said before,
My rapture says I can fullfill and more.
'Twas confidence brought their wonders in,
But where that ends, Fury do[e]s but begin.

NIC. Pray, let us two work what we can by Treaty;
For I have urged that from her may do service.

ANT. Then go and treat, we'll stand to your Agreement.

[*Exeunt* NIC. *and* LAR. (*at the left.*)

Can the Name Queen carry such charms about it,
To make these desperado's prove Invincible?

PEN. Queen! That a syllable, a sound, a breath,
An empty notion, without life or substance,
Should e're contend against our strength & Art!
Accursed word, oh that thou hadst a body,
A soul, or any thing could feel my Anger!
But thou art less than I my self would make thee.

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CEL. These sanguine Malignants are so intoxicated with Allegiance, They protest against pay as a downright cheating the Exchecquer: should we hash, or carbonado them with our Simitars, they'd take it for a peice of cookery, and devour each other to the last man; or else all starve into loyal sceletons, e're they would swallow our engagement.

ANTI. The People's safety is the supreme Law,
Yet who is safe while this Orithya lives?
Her Absence fights, the memory of Her quells us.

PEN. My steel I long to handsel with such slaughter:
A Tyrants blood ne're stains when it is spilt,
But both the Hands that shed it wash from guilt.

Enter LARANDA & ALCY. (*from the left.*)

LAR. When I inform'd the Trojans how the Queen
Renounced their Aid, they treated.

ANT. Well; But now
You must Orithya's Abode descry,
Else all you've done's but painted treachery.

LAR. The Queen? she in my breast so fixt abides,
I'll ne're discover where she else resides.

ANT. We'll thank your service, yet ne're make it known.

LAR. What thanks can make such guilt against the Throne?

PEN. You dy, unless her residence you Name.

LAR. Dying for truth, I shall survive by Fame.

PEN. Stitch up her mouth, let her not feed nor speak
(I'll break this humour, or her heart shall break)
Keep in her soul Pris'ner, that it may,
Though it desires to part, not find the way,
But in her own stiff carcass coffin'd lie,
And stifled there, without departing die.

LAR. Since death is certain, when & how it must
Come, is indifferent, so the cause be just;

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The loss of future years will be no more,
Than not to have been born so long before;
Those broken drops of Time, hid in th'Abyss
Of vast Eternity, we never miss.
Not the stout only, but the delicate,
Can loath the crambe of life's tedious date;
Who lives a century, and forgotten dies,
Has no more being here than last years Flys.
Such only have right spirits, who create
By brave Acheivements their Immortal state:
(For Parent never long in heirs survives,
And oft is sham'd by their degenerate lives.)
Souls Immortality from Heaven do share;
But in Fames life we our own makers are.

PEN. Let your Name, like a spirit, walk after death.

Enter NIC., JAS., ERIC., ILUS, ERIB., *& guards* (*from the left*); ANTI. *speaks to* ALCY. *concerning* LARANDA.

ANT. Keep her in bonds till we have doom'd these miscreants.
[*Exe.* ALCY. *&* LAR. (*at ye left.*)

NIC. They have surrendred the Tower basely for their Freedome.
[*To* ANT.

PEN. What Free abhorrers who consp[i]red our ruine?

NIC. Acts of Oblivion are but the Alms of Victors.

PEN. Their yeilding on Orithya's account,
Proves they are Hers, & makes 'em feirce delinquents.

ILU. Your articles oblige ye to release us.

PEN. How! slaves to our words, shall mouth glue hold us?
There's a new light reveals, you ought to perish.

ERIC. Then will you slay us after quarter granted?

PEN. 'Tis not my fit, but temper, blood to spill,
Those I forgave in hot, in cool I'll kill;

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And had both sexe's malice brew'd a curse
Mix'd of all mischiefs, I'd Invent a worse.[1]

JAS. What thing, but cruelty itself in pettycoats, could be so divelish. [*To* ERIC. & ILUS.

PEN. Go turn these Monarchy men into their proper liverys, and then into the Dungeon, those suburbs of Hell.

[*To* ERIB., *who, with ye Guards, drives out the Trojans* (*at ye inner part of ye left.*)

Enter THALESTRIS (*from the outer part of the left.*)

THA. Generalissima, I can discover to you the darkest plot.
[*she whispers to* ANT.

ANT. Let your secret come out quickly, or it will burst you.

THA. Why, in a word, your souldiers are all in open Mutiny.

ANT. Then they discovered themselves.

THA. Yes; but I first found out by every body 'twas for pay. Yet give the word, and they shall soon ruine one another without blows.

ANT. O, the wit of a Councellor!

THA. Look you, I have a medicine to make the Pestelence, in a Box which was a reliq of Pandora's; this if I open, when I have the wind of 'em, they'll cunningly kill each other, yet none of 'em the wiser, nay, the Dead shall slay the living.

ANT. You may do much without the receipt: you ought to wear—The Lord have mercy upon us—still on your breast, you are so plain a Plague.

NIC. This is Orithya's Plot: then let Celeno,
And I, in outward show, Joyn with the Army,
T'insinuate into the Cheif Mutineers,
And train 'em into our snare, the rest will yield.

ANT. Do, while we secure Orithya's Grandmother & ye Palace.
[*Exeunt* ANT., PEN., & THA. (*at ye right.*)

[1] *worser* in the MS.

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CEL. But where shall we get a mass of coin to stop the mouths of a monyless Army, that hath been so long fobbed off with debentures?

NIC. And after Victory too! Yet that's Antiopa's part; for we are not bound to be Hacknys to any, who wage war forma Pauperis, and reform upon tick.

CEL. An Army unpayed is a headstrong Horse with the bit out of his mouth, ten to one he throws the rider: but for a months Advance, they'll march as merrily as you could wish to have their brains beat out; as if 'twere their only Ambition to leap out of the world, with the credit of mony about 'em.

NIC. Then why should we run hazards still with them,
Nor true Prince, nor subject, nor themselves?
Mercurial falsehood strictest bonds defeats,
As Mercury thrô bonds of Iron eats.

CEL. Verily, I like the cause, as men do their drink, best when strongest; and am tinder to the least spark of hope may light me to a fairer Interest: specially now they declare for Regicide.

NIC. Then shall we joyn in councel?

CEL. Yes, why not?

NIC. Yet let's not trust our thoughts to words,
But wisely dialogue by signs, shrugs, winks, & nods.

[NIC. & CEL., *by mimical gestures, act a Treaty, agre[e]ing and disagreeing, at last sh'ke hands.*

CEL. Content: [*Enter* THALESTRIS (*from the right.*)
Let us avoid this Lady Shallow plot. [CEL. *spys* THA., *& exit with* NIC. (*at ye inner part of ye left.*)

Enter LANTHINUS (*from the outer part of the left.*)

LAN. Pray, what news have you from the rumpers, those History pedlars, and edition of Pybottom, whose whole Volumns be but half-sheets, yet are as long a working into a chaos, as the Creation was a getting out of one; they cannot have anything in 'em, for they are all

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outsides, and are sold about the streets as Purslane, at a penny a leaf (upon which folio's their scriblers, like Catterpillars, live); but are had at the Coffee houses at their true value for nothing.

THA. They publish that the City cares not a pin what the Councel thinks, nor the Country a straw what the City says; that Levity is a better quality in court than gravity, se[e]ing persons there rise faster and higher by it. There is a whig comedy to be spoke by Parots, Jays, Magpys, and Starlings, because the words of it are properest for those Actors, which (like the Authors) repeat by rote what the[y] don't understand, and all the Gold that is made by Alchymistry, is to be kept in banco for the support of such Poets.

LAN. What! from the Antirumpers?

THA. They write in it, that wett Gall is a better cure for a ring worm in the State than bleeding; And the secret of flying without wings, discovered by a Cabal of Cowards, Torys call them Associators (a new word for Traytors) who fled to a Peninsula, 'cause their Country would not follow their inward owl-light, nor beleive that such who commence Saints by their own Infallibility, had a right to bestride the Age, and ride mankind. Ditto. That those Jurys shall have a Toleration to Hoyle together in blew ribbands, who will credit none of Queens evidence but witnesses of Fortune; whose two edged tongues are kept in pay to cut throats; whose lips, worse than leeches, draw blood without touching, and will kiss the Crown off her head, and her head off her shoulders.

LAN. These Novells were barrell'd up forty years agoe, & are only fresh tapp'd; this is but antiquity come to pass. [*Exit* THAL. (*at yr right.*)

Enter QUEEN & SAGALUS (*from the outer part of the left.*)

QUE. Good Sr, return, what can yr words redress?

SAG. A Partner yet's some solace in distress.

QUE. Oh no! you can't my greif b'tween both divide;
By adding yours, mine will be multiply'd.

SAG. They may design your Death and I prevent.

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QUE. Yr Presence would but further that Intent.
Nay, both may fall, then where's the mutual comfort?
In dying, no society is known,
Thô thousands fall at once, each dies alone;
Yet you may plead you did my good intend,
Whilst I expire plain murderer of my Friend.
SAG. I'd rather be by swords than sorrow slain,
I cannot leave you till I see you reign.
QUE. I'll ne're reign more, unless I can abate
My Peoples rage without an Advocate.
SAG. You would not leave me when my camp rebell'd.
QUE. Nor should you me, if mine you ere had quell'd.
SAG. Great Heroine, I'll rather bear the blame
Of parting thus, then staying 'clipse your Fame.
Yet wheresoe're you shed yr powerfull ray,
I, like a Heliotrope, must turn that way.
Then (as two Planets which divided shine,
By intermingled beams together twine)
We by our thoughts may, thô removed in place,
Be to each other present and embrace.
QUE. I come not here out of a love to sway,
But subjects teach their Glorys to obey.
When they have the madness of Rebellion known,
And all their falshood to each other shown,
And find thô they subdue whom the[m] oppose,
They ne're shall reach those ends for which they rose;
But must what Arbitrary Power they fear
Under us, from Usurpers surely bear:
Then they will beg to undergo my checks,
And Kneel to have me tread upon the[ir] necks.

Exeunt QUEEN (*at the right*); SAG. (*at the left*)
Looking kindly at each other: LAN. *follows* SAG.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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ACT 5th SCEN: 1st

APP: *A Royal Presence Chamber.*

Enter QUEEN (*from the right*) *& looks about;* ANTI. (*from the left.*)

ANT. Your Majesty return'd safe to yr palace!
Providence has in this so fully heard me,
'Twould seem presumption e're to ask for more.
QUE. How can this language suit with your Rebellion?
ANT. That I, though hurry'd with the stream o' th' times, [*she casts up*
Have honour'd you next heav'n, Heav'n it self can witness. *her eys.*
How have I melted off my Flesh in tears,
And blown away part of my soul in sighs, [*she weeps, sighs, & groans.*
While what remain'd converted all to groans;
To see proud Vapours cloud yr light that rais'd 'em!
Yet those too show'd you greater by refraction.
QUE. Rise, Rise! [ANT. *kneels, offering to kiss the* QUEENS *feet, then rises.*
ANT. Unseasonable Tears, why do ye blind me,
When that's in Presence I most wish to look on?
But had your diffidence not forced these drops,
At your Appearance Joy had forced them faster.
QUE. Banish all sorrow, as I all suspicion,
ANT. Madam, if these showers cannot, let my blood
Wash of [f] distrust, I then shall dy yr Martyr,
At once both courting and contemning Death.
[ANTI. *offers her naked cymitar:* QUEEN *puts it by.*
QUE. Yr sword should more confirm me drawn against others.
ANT. Then I'll ne're sheath it till my heart be known,
I'll open other breasts to show my own.

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Enter PENTH. *and* ERIBEA, *with Guards behind the* QUEEN, *whom they bind, and disarm* (*from the right.*)

QUE. Now shew that Fealty you boast of, now.
[*To* ANT., *who sheaths her cymitar.*
ANT. What, when you're bound? I'm faithfull to yr Majesty;
But if you fall from that, you change, not I. [ANT. *smiles.*
QUE. Thou scandal ev'n to Vice, base beyond name,
Shameless without, and yet within not fraught
So much as with one creditable fault.
ANT. Slight our Imposture hallow'd by success,
And dub yr wretched Vertue Happyness. [ANT. *smiles again.*
QUE. Oh! whether now shall my defiance climb!
I'll pardon you to Aggravate yr crime;
While my mere Patience all yr hate controuls,
Til conscience, if y'have any, mad yr souls;
Making you strive from every hand to run,
But more your selves, your worst persuers, shun;
Finding this only means to ease your woe,
If sin could, as 'tis nothing, make you so.
ANT. We've born yr yoke too long, lead her away.
[*To* ERIB., *who is leading out the* QUEEN (*at the left*); *but all stop.*

Enter SAGALUS *unarm'd* (*from the right.*)

SAG. Hold! If y'are not worse than Inhuman, stay,
Other offences only by the by
Slighting its laws, glance 'gainst Divinity;
But you with the first cause directly fight,
Who thus at his Vice-gerent vent yr spight.
PEN. It were not worth the while our hands to rear
'Gainst any Power, but what all others fear.

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ANT. Sure the first mover's for us, who rise
'Gainst her who robs him of his sacrifice.
QUE. How doth my Private Act infringe yr Fredome?

Enter EORPATA *with burning Pincers* (*from the left*); *Guards unbind the* QUEEN, *& exeunt there.*

ANT. Resign your Crown, or here you see your Torturer.
SAG. O name such damnable designs no more,
Which would raise blushes in a Gorgons cheeks.
ANT. What we shall do, you must ensure as Hostage. [*To* SAG.
Set on the Pincers. [EORP. *goes to Pinch the* QUEEN,
SAG. Freely on my skin, SAG. *getts betwixt them.*
'Tis there high treason, which is here no sin;
I'll thank ye, so my blood might here secure,
For since I may not act, I would endure.
ANT. This Punishment's our favour, if the Pains
Make her desert the Throne, her life she gains.
QUE. For any Torture I'll not leave my right,
Tortures if great, are short; if long, are light.
ANT. Lets try what this Mysterious strife does mean:
Apply yr Irons here. [EOR. *offers to pinch* SAG., QUEEN *steps between.*
QUE. O Vent your spleen
Wholly on me; I who disdain'd before
To ask yr smiles, yr Fury now Implore.
ANT. Then will you quit the Crown?
QUE. Can I betray
Heav'ns highest trust, & give its gift away?
Whatever's below that I'll gladly grant;
Yet if I part with any right, the want
Whereof disables me (while thus employ'd) [ANTI. *beckons to* EOR. *to*
To execute my charge, the grant is void. *depart: who exit* (*at yᵉ left.*)
PEN. Let me with her destroy that Idol Majesty.

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ANT. Stop, here's a poyson will steal subtly to her [PEN. *draws, & would run at the* QUEEN,
Heart, & leave no print behind; Her death
May thus b'imputed to her grief or rage, ANT. *stops her, and*
And we plead Innocence.—Here drink & dy. *shows her a glass.*
[ANT. *offers a glass to y^e* QUEEN: PEN. *sheaths her Cymitar.*

SAG. Do not attempt a crime, might make the Sun
Stand still amaz'd before it were half done;
Or else start back from his disorder'd frame,
Consuming your whole Citty with his Flame;
And Acted would for a new Hell fire cry.

QUE. I dare not fear, thats harder than to dy.
And oft in streights, when human strength falls short,
Divine releives, that we thank that for't.

SAG. Oh that my spirit first m[a]y reach Heav'ns gate, [*to* QUEEN.
There it would hover, & yr coming wait,
Watching yr bright Ascension from afar,
Least you by th' way ly darken'd in a star,
And there I'd claim you, for if Angells knew
Your goodness first, they'd quickly seiz[e] my due.
Then side by side we might safe entrance make,
And I become more wellcome for yr sake,
None would of promis'd Joys less craving be,
For I should bring my heaven 'long with me;
My share of Glory I'd on you bestow,
And covet none unless yours should ore flow;
Making it my choice Blessing yours to veiw,
Mine were less bliss unless it came thrô you.
[SAG. *snatches the Glass & drinks it off:*
QUEEN *strives to hinder him.*

QUE. Oh, S^r, what have you done? this, this has stole
All Life both from my body & my soul;
To dy's to live elsewhere, but now I shall,
Benumm'd with greif, enjoy no life at all.

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Come slay me now, and I'll pronounce ye just, [*To* ANT. & PEN.
That so I may preceed him in the dust;
I then in kindness too shall him outvie, [PEN. *offers to draw & stops.*
He dying leaves me, I to meet him die.

SAG. Hear her not! Know my Nation ne're will suffer
Our murders to pass unreveng'd: but spare
Her, & I'll lay my death to my own charge.

ANT. Write this, and we'll not kill her.

[ANT. *takes Pen & parchment from* ERIB., *and delivers them to* SAG., *who writes this distich, then reads it aloud, and delivers it to* ANT.

SAG. Let none revenge my Fate, the hand that penn'd
This Declaration, did procure my end.

Sagalus Rex.

QUE. Greif and Amazement me to marble turn,
That to his Ashes I may be the Urn;
And cover'd over with cold drops contrive
To weep him dead, who cannot weep alive;
And may my Flame be, to compleat the doom,
An Unconsuming Lamp within his tomb.

SAG. The Poys'nous Fire begins my blood to boil,
'Twill make my Body its own Funeral Pile:
Farewell, I'll stagger to some cave where I
Unseen may burn to embers as I die,
Praying that Heav'n to you my Years would give,
And make you to two happy Ages live.

ANT. Bury him strait incognito: & since
Our camp is Pacify'd, cajole the Trojans. [*To* ERIB., *who ex. with* SAG.

QUEEN. Oh! oh! [QUEEN *sighs.* (*at ye left.*)
With him the best part of my soul is fled,
Who can survive by halves who's Friend is dead?
My Life henceforth of day will have no mark,
'Twill be but as a watching in th' dark.

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Now I shall find whether my heart be right,
For if it be, 'twill be quite broke e're night.

Enter EORPATA (*from the left.*)

EOR. By yea & nay, Sagalus's son leads An Army on our Frontiers.
ANT. These are the Men your willfullness preserved. [*to* QUEEN.
PEN. We'll fight 'em strait by our late Victory, we will.
ANT. You must march to countenance, not command us, [*To* QUEEN.
And charge in the Forlorn.
QUE. I'll choose that place, where danger shall my country most annoy;
Only to fall for't now can be my joy. [*Exe.* QUEEN, ANT., PEN. (*at ye inner p^t of ye left.*)

Enter ERIB. (*from the outer p^t of the left*) *dragging* JAS., ERIC., & ILU. *halter'd.*

ERIB. Bring me an account of the Scythians. [*To* EOR., *who exit* (*at the left.*)
Come, ye disaffected Varlets, you that stand to be undone, I must bastinado the wind out of yr bodys, to keep my self in breath.
JAS. Yes, walking Bridewell, you that sell affliction, were our flesh as hard as hartshorn, your recreation would turn 'em to a Jelly, and soften our bones sooner than the new digester.
ERIB. Then (conscientious coxcombs) why don't ye bend your wire sinew'd neck to the Yoke of Reformation, rather then thread 'em into halters? and at last rott above ground, as unworthy to keep company with carcasses.
ERIC. How! should we side with the Rump of Authority? The Tail rampant of Goverment, which, like the Amphisbena, hath a head at both ends.

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JAS. A Club of Republican Quacks, whose cure outkills any sickness; who would cut the Patient in peices to find out the seat of the Disease.

ILU. A paltry parcel of state demicastors, half witted mungrells, whose megrim brains are at variance in their own heads.

Enter EORPATA (*from the left.*)

EOR. The Scythians demanded their King, and thô they read his own hand writing, were unsatisfied; but when they saw Orithya with us, they all acquiesc'd, and now she comes this way to the steeple house.

[*Exit* EORP. (*at the left.*)

ERIB. Crawl back, ye dull crabbs, that are all gutts instead of Brains, and fit your selves for the high preferment.

JAS. Of that Pillar of Justice, the gallows. [*Ironically.*

ERIB. Ay (ye Persecution to cudgells, whips, and halters) that as before ye were a burthen to the country—

ERIC. Ye may now be so to the Gibbete.

ILU. And more executing ballads.

ERIB. Yes (thirteen pence-half-penny rascalls) And then be mangled by such bungling Anatomists, who dare not touch their own dead Patients, least they should discover their Murderers by Bleeding.

[ERIB. *drags out* JAS., ERIC., & ILU. (*at the left.*)

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SCEN: 2d APP: *a Temple, with a Charnel house lozengewise.*

Enter QUEEN, ANTIOPA, & PENTHESILEA (*from the left.*)

ANT. Argue no more, your Virtue pleads against you,
'Tis but a gaudy gloss to guild our fetters;
But here our bondage, with your self, we'll bury. [ANTI. *points to ye Charnel House.*
QUE. What, Ye Voluptu'rys in mischeif, still
Thirsting for Royal blood? How can ye break
So soon yr solemn promise to the King?
ANT. We only promis'd we'd not kill you, therefore
You shall go down alive into your Tomb;
If there you die, 'tis Nature's Act, not ours.
QUE. D'you think equivocating sophistry
Can blind that Eye above which dazels reason? [*she points upwards.*
ANTI. You must descend, you must.
QUE. Thô since the Apotheosis
Of Sagalus, I've long'd for Heaven's great call,
While I can stand, I scorn so tame a fall.
[ANT. *stamps,* ALC. *below makes a trapdoor sink, & close upon ye* QUE. *strugling against it.*
ANT. So, now the Queen's entomb'd, the Scythians sati[s]fied,
Our Army too confirm'd in their obedience;
Fates cannot Injure us.
PEN. Which of 'em dares?
Our words are as much destiny as theirs.
ANT. Come, lets embrace till our souls kiss each other.
[ANT. & PEN. *Hug closely.*
Enter SAGALUS'S *ghost* (*from ye right*) & *frights* ANT. *about the stage.*
What art thou—look'st my soul—into a Palsy?
What wouldst thou?

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GHO. Remember our Agreement, or hope no rest.

ANT. Since the Grave yeilds none—to the murdered,—what rest can come to the live-murderers?

PEN. Shall we fear Phantasms? those ourselves have made?
I'll grasp it, thô it make me a ghost too.

[*Exit Ghost (at the left) & stares upon 'em.* PEN. *follows it.*

ANT. Conscience, thou worm—how thou gnawest—the place that bred thee!

[PENTHESILEA *finding the Ghost to be* SAGALUS, *brings him back.*

PEN. Here, take your Royal Bugbear, the Ghost incarnate.

ANT. King Sagalus alive! Were you not buried?

SAG. Yes, but ne're dead; for I have taken Antidotes
So long, as sometimes Asian Princes do
(And I most use it when in a strange land)
That I am grown poyson proof; at least 'gainst yr
Weak dose, made to subvert a Female Temper.

ANT. What charm of yours brought you out of the grave?

SAG. Pardon all faults, and you shall hear it.

ANTI. We do.

SA. I, before Lanthinus, charged Eribea
To bury this Jewell with me, she did so, [*he shows a Jewell.*
But opened my Tomb afterwards to steal it:
I rising up amazed her, yet by promising
I would reward, & you should not correct her,
I gain'd her silence.

ANT. But why walk'd you thus?

SAG. To tend the Queen, and cheat you into Honesty.

ANT. O! she's in her Tomb.

SAG. O Treachery! O Parricide! let me go thither,
And try to part my soul, her soul between us;
One spirit may serve two whose minds are one.
Or else I'll strive to breath mine whole into her,
And when she's well reviv'd to take it back;

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That by a Transmigration we may live { ANTI. *opens the Vault,*
And die, & die & live by turns for ever. { SAG. *enters:* ANT. *locks it.*

ANT. Go in, yr dress becomes no other place.
Now we have him sure. We are staid for in the Palace.
[*Exeunt* ANT. & PEN. (*at yᵉ right.*)

SCEN: 3ᵈ APP: *a Royal Presence Chamber.*

Enter NICOSTRATE (*from the left*); ANTIOPA & PENTHESILEA (*from the right.*)

ANT. Myriads of wellcomes to you. [*To* NIC., *who shakes hands with* ANT. & PEN.
NIC. Thô I before had qualify'd the Army,
I could not draw the heads of the sedition
Into your Noose, but now they're fast, and will
Sneak hither strait.
ANT. Happy beyond our Hopes!

Enter ALCYMEN & *Coloness's* (*from the left.*)

NIC. Seiz[e] those two Traytors. [*To* ALCY. & *Colo., who disarm and manacle* ANTI. *resisting;* PEN. *repulses them;* NIC. *attacks* PEN.; & ALCYMEN, *coming with Colo. at her back, tyes her hands behind her.*
PEN. Let who dares Approach my poyson'd steel.
NIC. Intreat the Queen, sister. [*To* ALCY., *who exit* (*at yᵉ right.*)
ANT. Tumbl'd o' th' sodain from the Zenith of
Greatness, by our own side? I see to climb
The Top of Empire on an Armys wings,
Is as a Paper Kite to mount the clouds
Upon the back of the deceitfull wind.

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NIC. They who do first from their Allegiance stray,
Teach those whom the[y] would Rule to disobey;
Brats of example still such parents slay.

ANT. To found on Frauds a Politic Device,
Is not to build on rock, or sand, but Ice.

NIC. Such grow besotted before Perishing;
As malefactors blinded are then swing.

PEN. Oh! That I could a fiery deluge call,
'Cause Heaven to rain Hell on you at my fall,
To burn, and drown, & styx in both forestall;
Or the whole Globe with one great Earthquake tear,
To make a grave, and bury Nature there;
Then having all to its first Chaos hurl'd,
Not leave an Attom for a future world.

NIC. Peace, Hothead! I have pay'd the Army off
With the Queens Treasure, hid within her Palace:
Which secret known to none besides, still made me,
When most distress'd, hope for success, or safety.

Enter QUEEN *with Cymitar*, ALCY., ERIB., *&* *Atten.* (*from the right.*)

ALL. Long live Orithya, Queen of Amazons!

QUE. Intreat King Sagalus hither. [*To* ALCY., *who exit* (*at ye right.*)
Call Laranda. [*To* ERIB., *who exit* (*at the left.*)
Dear Cozen—
To find you mine contents me more alone, [NIC. *kisses the* QUEENS
Then all delights beside which crowd a Throne; *hand kneeling*: QU.
But how got you these scars? *helps her up.*

NIC. By my own hand to make these credit me, [NIC. *points to*
Which the same hand can cure. The rest in private. ANT. & PEN.

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Enter LARANDA, ERIB., *&* THAL. (*from the right.*)

QUE. Laranda, you deserve my choicest care.

[LAR. *kisses the* QUEENS *hand.*

PEN. This was yr cursed wisdome to admit Nicostrate, that Syren, to our councels.

[NIC. *aside relates to* ye QUEENE *the transactions in her absence.*

ANT. No, it was your severity to Laranda; And breaking Articles with our own consorts.

PEN. Are you yrself, & thus presume to brave me?

ANT. You are, because y'are Mad.

PEN. Hellhound & Fiends, my very Anger mock'd.

ANT. 'Tis toothless barking.

PEN. Thou Viper!

ANT. Thou Tiger!

PEN. Thou Hag!

ANT. Thou Fury!

PEN. Thou weeping Crocodile!

ANT. Thou bloody saint!

PEN. O! Thou preaching Divel!

QUE. But where's my Grandmother?

ANT. Where she must starve, except we name the Place.

QUE. Save her Life, and Live.
Release the Trojans, I'll reward 'em amply;
And then proclaim a general Indemnity.

[*To* ERIB., *who exit with* PEN., ANT., *&* *Colo.* (*at the left.*)

LAR. I see the Queen will never be Loyal; she grants these Rebells ingrain, a writ of ease for a Torment; the only use she makes of her Prerogative, is to be a Tyrant to her self.

THA. Here's no talk of prefering me, yet, 'tis well known, I have been more true of all sides than any one.

LAR. God've mercy, you a glove for both hands, a Time-ist that can be of every party togather.

THA. Yes, and of every Religion too; how else could I be certain to be of the True?

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LAR. Sure you have a Theology windmill in your sconce, will veer with every wind.

THA. No, 'tis a way I have Invented to be of the Universal Church.

LAR. But who shall judge of your deserts?

THA. Nay, I'll have no body judge in my own cause but my self; I think I have most reason to understand it.

LAR. 'Tis pity preferments are not set apart for eminent Fops of a new edition.

THA. Well! I'll run home, &, right or wrong, take Justice for this on my Consort, that whipping post in ordinary, He shall have a basting before hand, against he deserves it, & I'll come no more hither, till the Court tryes for my Joking Golgotha to make 'em langh, & petitions me to save 'em the keeping of an overgrown Child in hanging sleves, for a state officer.

LAR. Were not this Humourist the Courtiers standing dish of mirth, They'd languish for want of laughing; & 'twere both Pity & wonder the court should stand without one great fool in't.

Enter SAGALUS, LANTHI., & ALCYMEN (*from the left*): *exit* ALC. (*at ye right.*)

SAG. Madam, I more rejoyce to see you reign,
Then if I did myself ten Empires gain. [QUEEN & KING *embrace.*

QUE. And, Sr, when I'd to you my thanks impart,
The finite world's too narrow for my heart:
You went for me into death's gloomy cave.

SAG. But you, whats more, redeem me from the grave.

Enter CELENO (*from the right.*)

CEL. Some without desire to congratulate your Majesty in a masq.

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QUE. We accept it. [*exit* CELENO (*at the right.*)

QUEEN *and* KING *sit in state,* NICOSTRATE *and* LANTHINUS *by them. Enter* QUEENS *attendants* (*from the right*) *&c sit lower. Enter* CELENO *there; then* ALCYMEN *with seven Coloness's, who dance a warlike masq, expressing a discontented Army, to the sound of trumpets, Spectators rise, &c Masquers disarm* QUEEN, KING, *&c* NIC.

Enter JASIUS, ERICTHONIUS, *&c* ILUS (*from the left.*)

CEL. Madam, thô the great Councel voted yr last march
Against the Scythians, & concessions,
Then a foundation for a peace; yet th' Army's
Dissatisfy'd until you choose a consort.

QUE. Unhappy Soveraigns! may Peasant[s] elect
When they think fit, and whom they please reject;
But we, unless our Wills we subjugate
Unto their choice, are objects of their hate:
We wear the fetters, thô aloft we goe;
They share the freedom, though they creep below.

[*Exeunt all but Trojans* (*at the right.*)

ILU. Hey brave doings! This goverment's a mere weather cock, it has chang'd owners, as fast as if they had thrown dice for't.

ERIC. I never heard the like but once of the Island Eutopia, wch ran into slavery to acquire Liberty, till early Mushroom sects of the Nation usurp'd supremacy by turns.

JAS. These Apostating Demagogues, though from Traytors they were pardon'd into Peers, by their old leven are sour'd into new fits of sedition; in spight of Amnesty, they revive the memory of their crimes by reaching them.

NIC. They are still as round as a Bowle, & every way so like, they can not but fallow their natural Bias.

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ILU. These foul humours of the Body politic, imposthum'd into Nobles, make high sinning their Privilege, & stigmatize their lives with vices, as Indians brand their foreheads, for a mark of honour, yet count all Satyr upon their enormitys, a slander of their Peerage, whereas there is nothing so much a Scandalum Magnatum as themselves.

Enter QUEEN, KING, *&* NICOSTRATE *discoursing, blind* ORTERA *in Jewells*, CELENO, LARANDA, *&* LANTHINUS (*from the right.*)

NIC. Do you for Progeny so little care?
If not t'yourself, t'your Country pitty bear.
QUE. For their least good I'd cast all mine away,
Do, suffer anything, but them obey;
I from the Sacred Crown must crop no flower,
They want what they reserve that part with Power:
Soveraignity should entirely be possest,
Who ask a part, do it to take the rest.
NIC. If you Love's Passion quite detest, declare.
QUE. I don't, with all its faults 'tis best by far:
And thô Virginity is not th' high way
Where nature leads, but where the will doth stray,
Which might all human kind annihilate;
Who'd have a Phenix life, ne're to have mate?
NIC. Why are your words and deeds at such Hostility?
Love, & the King you like, yet fly them both.
QUE. No humour cross, nor oath keeps me a maid:
But, since you press me so, know you are the cause. [*To* NIC.
NIC. O, how, I pray? our Sphynx ne're spoke such riddle.
QUE. 'Tis thus, you too well understand the souldiers
Dethron'd your Mother Lampedo, & then
Enthron'd Marpesia, her younger sister,
Whose daughter I am, in my nonage crown'd,
Who, when I came to years, resolv'd to dy

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A Virgin, that the Scepter might revert
In you to my Aunts line, whose right it is.
NIC. Madam, the Crown by Law clears all attainders.
QUE. But Equity, that Law of Nature,
Of Nations says, whate're's unjust at first,
Can never by continuance grow just:
And no time antiquates a royal claim.
SAG. Then why don't you devolve the Rule now on her?
QUE. I would but cant; For the camp (who disrelish her
For her mothers sterness) wont permit it.
But when I'm dead, she alone, left o' th' Royal
Race, will have no competitour to cross her.
Yet, if she die first without Heir, I here
Declare to have King Sagalus, & none else.
SAG. I'm thoroughly pleas'd with this kind Declaration.
QUE. How weak a Tryal were my Death to prove
What I would do for him—I must not love.
SAG. Then since my Queen is dead, and son alive,
In expectation I'll, like you, live single.
QUE. Yet let yr son her consort be, that you [QUEEN *points to* NIC.
Or he may fix an Interest here, & answer
My Peoples Importunity for succession.
SAG. Pasanagoras's heart has long been hers.
NIC. And mine must move, as you shall please to set it. [*To* QU., NIC.
Yet, Madam, all my right I prostrate at *kneels*, QUE. *raises her*.
Yr Feet; nor would I e're accept the Crown,
Tho offer'd by all Partys, while you live.
QUE. Why not? My blood might reign if you enjoy'd it,
Here by yr daughters, by yr sons in Scythia.

[QUEEN *confers with* CEL. *aside*. *Exit* CEL. (*at the right*.)

JAS. Now, fellow sufferers, if we had but the haltering of score of those holy faith breakers, those right honourable submechanicks.

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ILU. With a dozen of the Kirk Boutefeus, who call vehement nonsence breathings of the Spirit: And nose their black piety as they do their smoke.

ERIC. The Tragedy of those superreformers would be a comedy to the whole Nation.

ILU. At least we'd turn 'em back to their dungcarts of Inheritance, & close body'd shops, where the[y] first mended shoes and Church-goverment.

Enter CELENO *&c mashers* (*from the right.*)

CEL. Before a Child of Lampedo shall reign [*she points to yr mashers.* They're enjealoused, they'l remain a state.

QUE. Let them rage on, my just resolve shall stand.

LAN. A Third defection! now what Power can save her!

[ORTERA *talks aside with the* QUEEN.

JAS. Leave these cutthroat Imps of camp Antipathy to concord, & are most afraid of being out of danger, nothing like Peace kills 'em. They are Salamanders that choose to live in the Flames of contention.

ERIC. They are resolv'd to fall out with the Queen, because they alone, these Boutefeus, will not endure that themselves should be happy, Quarrelling at the bad times, when only their quarrells make 'em such.

ILU. And will needs have a blank Licence, call'd liberty of conscience, when they have no conscience at all.

ORT. Not take the King to have the Empire? [*To* QUE.

QUE. No.

ORT. Then hear, Ortera,—Your two mothers were
My Twins, But I ne're published which was eldest,
That so I might confer the scepter on the worthyest;
And b'cause Lampedo proved fiercest
In War, I (by my loss of sight disabled, [ORT. *points to her eys.*
For fight, or conduct) did resign it to her; [*speaks to* NIC.

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Besides, I thought she might be first begot,
Because she lay deepest, But Marpesia was
First born, & therefore by Law heir Apparent. [*To* QUEEN.

SAG. Can you prove this by witness?

ORT. By the Midwifes.

But this discovery ne're till now was needfull.

NIC. Blest news! my Plea is quash'd, and ye Queens title
To th' Empire is most clear.

SAG. And mine to Her. [QUEEN & KING *joyn both their hands across.*

Thus Cappadocia may with Scythia bound
A Champion breed, To whom some King will found
An Order, to make Brittain more renown'd.

QU. Yet, S^r, let her match with your son proceed.

SAG. Madam, it shall effectually with speed.

LAR. A Pair royal of such seraphic Rivals in glory, are able to make the Angells Translate their mansions hither for more heavenly society. [CEL. & *Maskers unmasked kneel, & lay their cymitars at the* QUEENS *feet, then kiss her* [*hand*].

QU. Rise all, & be my Councellers; you have
Drawn out a secret which new crowns yr Queen.
Now let our thanks be to that throne addrest, [QU. *looks upwards.*
Which does to Usurpation grant no rest.
For as the needle by the Loadstone grac'd,
If by Irregular motion 'tis displac'd,
Suffers Vibrations, and will never stay,
Till to its proper Pole it points the Way.

THE END.

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EPILOGUE.

Since the same fate doth stage & state befall,
That who dislike White fryars hate White-hall;
Wid'ning with Calumnys this double breach,
Drawn by the nose thrô which their brethern preach.
That snarl at Kings, as th' Attic cur did snub
The mighty Macedon, and from a Tub:
Such foes this writer aim'd by a safe stile,
At least to silence if not reconcile;
And so perhaps has forfeited their Praise,
Who like the Faults both of the times & Plays.
For of wits small shot here had been less dearth,
Would he have us'd all the lew'd helps to mirth;
But 'cause sick minds love what feeds their disease,
He thinks he has not writ so ill to please.
Yet Wits a Mercury we must correct,
Or else instead of healing 'twill infect;
Its own preparers often feel the pain,
That venoms apt to seiz[e] upon the brain.
Cheifly contagious to the purest mold,
Discolouring that which in the mouth was gold.
Your smiles, then, he'll ne're purchase at the price
Of shame, nor suffer Fame for witty Vice.
Wearing the Poets prize for Panders phrase,
As a black tongue that's salt is dress'd with Bays.
He rather will endure your sharpest rod,
Then with old Greece, take laughter for his God.

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NOTES.

We Pols are persons of business, p. 7.] Is this assumption by Thalestris of a Polish nationality, a covert satire on the followers of Lord Shaftesbury? It will be enough to refer here to Dryden's poem, "The Medal."

As if our Backs like Lampreys had no bones in 'em, p. 13.] Sir Thomas Browne's words are, "Nor is it [the Lamprey] only singular in this formation, but also in many other; as in defect of bones, whereof it hath not one, and for the spine or backbone, a cartilaginous substance, &c." (Works, ed. 1852, vol. I., p. 317.)

I hope this will please our farmers, who are well nigh starved for lack of a Famine; but now they may be thankfull for whistling out their goods, though at ye rate of regraters, p. 19.] See Erskine's "Institutes of the Law of Scotland" (Edin., 1838, vol. II., p. 1095.) It is there stated that the party guilty of forestalling and regrating was liable to a penalty of £40 Scots for the first offence; 100 merks for the second; and for the third, to suffer "escheat of his moveables, &c."

Since she did not, let us carouse their health kneeling, p. 19.] Samuel Rowlands, in his "Hvmors Looking Glasse," 1608 (*Hunterian Club* reprint, p. 21) alludes to a like custom—

They drinke to healthes deuoutly on their knees.

Also in Dekker's "Honest Whore" (Dodsley's O. P., ed. 1825, vol. III., p. 402); and in Nash's "Summer's Last Will and Testament" (Dodsley's O. P., ed. 1825, vol. IX., p. 50.)

Nor woolen sufficient to bury 'em according to the Act, p. 23.] This allusion to The Woollen Act, which came into operation on the 1st August, 1678, to some extent fixes the date of the play.

They politickly starve themselves to save charges, and deserve to be buried with their Faces downward, for their Life is but a lingering self murther, p. 23.] "See," Mr. Collier says, "'Much Ado about Nothing,' A. III., Sc. 2, on the words, 'She shall be buried with her face *upwards*.' The passage in this play shews that *suicides* were buried with the face *downwards*."

Gust, p. 29.] A Shakespearian word, used several times by Sir Thomas Browne (Works, ed. 1852, vol. I., pp. 336 & 351; vol. III., p. 137.)

As agues read time to come in prophetic entra[i]ls, p. 30.] In Samuel Rowlands' "Looke to it: For, Ile Stabbe ye," 1604 (*Hunterian Club* reprint, p. 26) we have

You that an *Almanacke* still beare about,
To search and finde the rainy weather out.

And in Massinger's "Guardian" (Act I., Sc. 1)—

I do not carry
An Almanack in my bones to pre-declare
What weather we shall have.

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Are you the Jovial crew? p. 30.] Evidently the allusion is to Richard Brome's play, "A Jovial Crew; or the Merry Beggars," acted in 1641, and first published in 1652. (Dodsley's O. P., ed. 1825, vol. x., p. 269.)

Then how shall we be quit with these dragons, who would have left us as naked and wounded as the man before the Almanack, after all our benevolence to 'em? p. 30.] In Thomas Killegrew's "The Parson's Wedding" (Dodsley's O. P., ed. 1825, vol. XI., p. 471) we have

> I was advising her to be divorc'd, and marry the man in the almanack: 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

Ye counterfet changlings, ye turncoats, ye two fac'd Neuters, p. 31.] No doubt the Trimmers, so vigorously described by Dryden:—

> Damned neuters, in their middle way of steering,
> Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring.

This firebrand is hot against cookery, for that coals contribute to the building of Churches; and counts the burning of new Troy a judgement on wastfull baking, because it was hatched in an Oven, p. 33.] An unmistakable allusion to the fire of London in 1666.

Ay, that is a familiar worth having, for he is so great now with our plotters and shamplotters, that nothing is managed among 'em but by his black Art, p. 35.] Hume, under date 1681, writes in regard to Fitz-Harris's case, "This was no less than the fifteenth false plot, or sham-plot, as they were then called, with which the court, it was imagined, had endeavoured to load their adversaries."

This project is like the Powder of projection, too beneficial for a subject, p. 37.] Sir Thomas Browne, in an undated letter to Mr. Elias Ashmole (Works, ed. 1852, vol. III., p. 530) relating a conversation he had with Dr. Arthur Dee, goes on to say:—"I have heard the Dr. saye that hee lived in Bohemia with his father, both at Prague and other parts of Bohemia. The Prince or Count Rosenberg was their great patron, who delighted much in alchymie; I have often heard him affirme, and sometimes with oaths, that hee had seen projection made and transmutation of pewter dishes and flaggons into sylver, which the goldsmiths at Prague bought of them. And that Count Rosenberg playd at quaits with silver quaits made by projection as before; that this transmutation was made by a powder they had, which was found in some old place, &c."

Those Egyptians who worship darkness, p. 45.] Sir Thomas Browne makes a similar remark (Works, ed. 1852, vol. I., p. 314) "And because darkness was before light, the Egyptians worshipped the same."

And change sexes as Hares do, being born females ye are educated into males, p. 46.] See Sir Thomas Browne's Works (ed. 1852, vol. I., p. 305.)

And when we are dead, let the Amazons Pluck off our skins for Drū-heads, & beat Alarums on 'em with our bones; then make fire balls of our skulls to confound the Masculine world, p. 47.] Sir Thomas Browne says (Works, ed. 1852, vol. III., p. 30) "To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations, escaped in burning burials."

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Where they have often the fate of Beavers, who divert their ruine with the loss of their dousets, p. 49.] See Sir Thomas Browne's Works (ed. 1852, vol. I., p. 240.)

Now you being a Principal Joyner for our new frame of Goverment, The Jury will turn, and return Ignoramus's for you, and then I, as accessary, shall escape of course, p. 51.] There can be little doubt that this allusion is to the Jury which ignored the bill against Shaftesbury in 1681. Mr. Christie, in his "Life of Lord Shaftesbury" (vol. II., p. 425) relates that "the grand jury retired to consider the evidence, and rejected the indictment. The foreman wrote *Ignoramus* on the back of the bill."

That state Hocus-pocus, who dissembled himself from a Brewhouse to a Throne, did never out plot us, p. 53.] Hume records "that in the invectives of that age [Cromwell] is often stigmatized with the name of the brewer." In Mr. Huth's volume of "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1584–1700" (8vo., 1870) there is a poem entitled "The Parliament, 1657," in which the following lines occur:—

And yet a drayman may advance
Yet to be styled your honour;
A brewer fortune doth enhance,
And highness take upon her.

And in Mr. Collier's reprint of "An Antidote to Purge Melancholy," 1661, we have "The Brewer. A ballad made in the year 1657," in which the allusions to Cromwell are most marked.

The loss of future years will be no more
Than not to have been born so long before;
Those broken drops of Time, hid in th' Abyss
Of vast Eternity, we never miss, p. 61.]

Compare a passage by Sir Thomas Browne (Works, ed. 1852, vol. III., p. 143.) "Think not thy time short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it and may be after it."

You ought to wear—The Lord have mercy upon us—still on your breast, you are so plain a Plague, p. 62.] Mr. Collier, in a note to Thomas Heywood's "The Royal King, and the Loyal Subject" (*Shakes. Soc.*, p. 89) remarks, "The placing of a cross upon the doors of houses, the inhabitants of which were infected with the plague, is alluded to by various old writers: it was often accompanied with the words, 'Lord, have mercy upon us.'"

Yes, walking Bridewell, you that sell affliction, were our flesh as hard as hartshorn, your recreation would turn 'em to a Jelly, and soften our bones sooner than the new digester, p. 71.] The new digester was invented by a Frenchman named Papin, who exhibited his method before the Royal Society on 22d May, 1679, and published a work on the subject in 1681. Sir Thomas Browne refers to it (Works, ed. 1852, vol. III., p. 458)—"According to such a kind of way as in that which is called, the philosophicall calcination of hartshorne, made by the steeme of water, which makes the hartshorne white and soft, and easily pulverisable; and it is to bee had at some apothecaries and chymists; and whether a fish boyled in the steeme of water will not have the bones soft, I have not tried, &c."

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Which, like the Amphisbena, hath a head at both ends, p. 71.] See Sir Thomas Browne's Works (ed. 1852, vol. I., p. 294.)

The Scythians demanded their King, and thô they read his own hand writing, were unsatisfied; but when they saw Orithya with us, they all acquiesc'd, and now she comes this way to the steeple house, p. 72.] Hume informs us that the Quakers derided the holiness of churches, "and they would give to these sacred edifices no other appellation than that of *shops* or *steeple-houses*." In a ballad entitled, "A Psalm of Mercy," [Jan. 26, 1660,] (Pol. Bal. *Percy Soc.*) occur the following lines:—

The steeple-house lands are ours,
Kings, queens, delinquents too, &c., &c.

Yes (thirteen pence-half-penny rascalls) And then be mangled by such bungling Anatomists, who dare not touch their own dead Patients, least they should discover their Murderers by Bleeding, p. 72.] In addition to Dr. Bliss' note to Bishop Earle's character of a "meer dull physician," we have a curious illustration of the text in Mr. Christie's "Life of Lord Shaftesbury" (vol. I., p. 81.)

"August 11 [1646.] Sir John Danvers came and sat with us. Seven condemned to die; four for horse-stealing, two for robbery, one for killing his wife, he broke her neck with his hands; it was proved that, he touching her body the day after, her nose bled fresh; four burnt in the hand, one for felony, three for manslaughter; the same sign followed one of them of the corpse bleeding."

A Temple, with a Charnel house lozengewise, p. 73.] Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Garden of Cyrus" (Works, ed. 1852, vol. II., p. 513) says:—"But the old sepulchral bed, or Amazonian tomb in the market place of Megara, was in the form of a lozenge, readily made out by the composure of the body, &c."

They are still as round as a Bowle, & every way so like, they can not but fallow their natural Bias, p. 79.] The following amusing quotation from John Taylor's "a full and compleat Answer, &c.," 1642 (*Spenser Society* reprint, p. 4) would seem to indicate that the allusion in the text is to the Roundheads:—

"*Morgan Llewellin* (that grave Greek Author) saith in the ninth Chapter of his *Litigious Aphorismes*, That *Bias* the Philosopher was borne in our Haven Towne of *Ionia*, called *Priene:* This *Bias* had a Round Running head, and hee devised (from the mold of his head) the first Round Bowles, in memorie whereof they are called *Bias* Bowles to this day; but the world is too full of rubs now, and most heads run like Bowles, contrary to the *Bias*, that an honest man can hardly win a good game all his life time."

These foul humours of the Body politic, imposthum'd into Nobles, make high sinning their Privilege, & stigmatize their lives with vices, as Indians brand their foreheads, for a mark of honour, yet count all Satyr upon their enormitys, a slander of their Peerage, whereas there is nothing so much a Scandalum Magnatum as themselves, p. 80.] Lord Shaftesbury, immediately after his liberation, raised actions of *Scandalum Magnatum*. (See Mr. Christie's "Life," vol. II., p. 441.)

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